

# GRANT AND GALENA | .. CHICKAMAUGA ..

By LEIGH LESLIE.

Sketches by Major General Johnson and Colonel Hatry

Vol- 4.

SEPTEMBER.

No- 3.

## THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
MIDLAND LIT-  
ERATURE & ART

### CONTENTS.

194. Types of Midland Beauty. Portrait of a Lady  
195. Grant and Galena. . . . . Leigh Leslie  
With Illustrations.  
215. Reincarnate: Poem. . . . . Eva Best  
216. The Island of Mackinac. Prize Descriptive  
Paper. With Illustrations. Eben E. Rexford  
224. The Bonis: Poem. . . . . Frank H. Sweet  
225. Songs in Season: Illustrated Poem. . . . .  
William Francis Barnard  
226. Midland War Sketches. XI. Gen. R. W. Johnson  
Battle of Chickamauga. With Portraits.  
230. A Southern Battle-field: Poem. W. H. Jewett  
231. Reminiscences of John Brown. . . . .  
With Illustrations. . . . . Narcissa Macy Smith  
236. Sierra Madre: Poem. . . . . J. Torrey Connor  
237. Father of Waters. Illus. Poem. W. C. Kenyon  
238. In and About Mexico. . . . . Ida Charlotte Roberts  
With Illustrations.  
242. Voices of Waning Summer: Poems. . . . .  
W. Reed Dunroy  
243. Midland War Sketches. XII. Col. A. G. Hatry  
Scenes and Incidents of the Battle of Chickamauga. . . . .  
Mary E. P. Smith  
247. Home Themes. . . . . Josie H. Canaday  
248. The Victor: Prize Poem. Elizabeth M. Elandon  
Drawings by Mary A. Kirkup.  
THE MIDLAND'S FICTION DEPARTMENT.  
249. When the Hot Winds Blow: Story. . . . .  
George William Gerwig  
252. Types: Poem. . . . . Wilbur Dubois  
253. Janet: Story. . . . . Zoe Norris  
256. Overshadowed. II. Story. Elizabeth D. Preston  
256. Eyes of Brown: Poem. . . . . Clara J. Denton  
267. Mother's Joe: Story. . . . . Adrian Rosecrans  
269. Ink-pa-du-tah's Revenge. . . . . Harvey Ingham  
275. Sight-Seeing in Cologne. Editor Abroad. XVII  
277. Is Cycling a Fad? . . . . . G. F. Binehart  
283. Editorial Comment, Contributors' Dep't, Etc

JOHNSON BRIGHAM  
PUBLISHER:  
MARQUARDT BLOCK  
DES MOINES:  
IOWA:

\$1.50 A YEAR INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.  
15 CENTS A COPY.  
FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

KENYON'S PRESS.

Entered at the Des Moines postoffice as second-class matter.

IN ALL THAT IS GOOD. IOWA AFFORDS THE BEST.

# ROYAL UNION MUTUAL LIFE

## INSURANCE COMPANY,

DES MOINES, IOWA.

FRANK D. JACKSON, PRESIDENT. - SIDNEY A. FOSTER SECRETARY.

Net Value of All Policies in This Company  
Deposited in Securities with the State of Iowa.

THE  
IOWA POLICY.  
NEW.

TRULY Non-Forfeitable. Free from all Technicalities. Simplicity Personified. Sound as Iowa Farm Mortgages, where Loans do not exceed one-half of the value of the Real Estate exclusive of Improvements. . . . .

The Policy-holder Master of His Own Money without Forfeitures or Excessive Surrender Charges.

AGENTS WANTED.

## Another New Feature Added!

*As a temporary change from the Continued Story feature, The Midland Monthly will during the Fall and Winter publish a series of*

## TWO-NUMBER STORIES,

The Fourth of these Two-number Stories is as Follows:

**IV. "The Tragic Trees; A Tale of Mob Law,"** by Marguerite Chambers Kellar, of Hot Springs, S. D. This is a vigorous story of Kentucky Village Life, the first installment a vivid picture, the second intensely realistic. *In the October and November Numbers.*

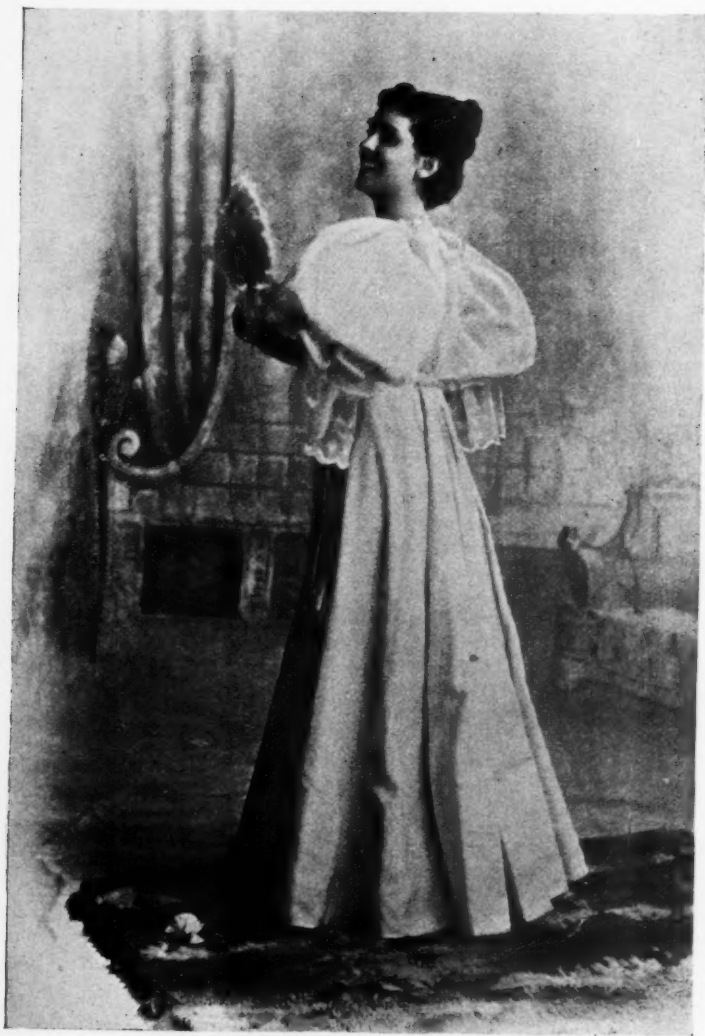
Chance readers of THE MIDLAND will do well to become regular subscribers at once, for this New Feature, added to the MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES, its HOME THEMES, its SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC THEMES, MIDLAND FICTION DEPARTMENT, the regular Prize Descriptive Papers, Stories and Poems, and the great mass of other high-class literary and descriptive papers, profusely embellished with pictures, together make THE MIDLAND MONTHLY a household necessity and its coming the event of the month. Send subscriptions to

JOHNSON BRIGHAM, Publisher Midland Monthly, DES MOINES, IOWA.

**Bound Volumes of The Midland Monthly** (containing the numbers for six months) cloth sides, leather back and corners, reduced to \$2.00, postage prepaid.

Back numbers will be exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes, cloth, leather back and corners, \$1.00 per volume (six numbers), subscribers paying charges one way. Postage, each way, 25 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be plainly marked with owner's name and address. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.*





TYPES OF MIDLAND BEAUTY. III.



# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

NUMBER 3.

## GRANT AND GALENA.

BY LEIGH LESLIE.

HIGH among rugged, picturesque hills, skirting a winding river spanned by red and black bridges, nestles the quaint, peaceful old town of Galena. Its streets are long, narrow and crooked; many of its shops are dingy, dusty and old-fashioned, and on its deserted levee, once the scene of the activities of a mighty commerce, are the crumbling walls of great warehouses. Occasionally the echoes are awakened in these rat-infested ruins by the hoarse bellow and the clanging bells of some packet bearing a party of gay young folk from one of the neighboring towns, or by the shriek of some wheezing stern-wheeler towing a barge freighted with wood. Nowadays the sleepy bridge-tender has little else to do than to smoke his clay pipe and nod in his arm-chair in the doorway of his little red house. Fifty years ago his office was not a sinecure. Time has wrought wonderful changes here in a half-century. The memory of the cheery, accommodating old drayman, who for nearly three-score years has been jolting about on his clumsy New Orleans cart, runneth back to a time when Galena was greater than Chicago, when fortunes were being made in these decaying buildings, and when it was no uncommon thing to see a dozen or more boats laden with heavy cargoes in the river side by side. This funny little man with white hair, wrinkled face, squinting eyes, horny hands, and an amusing habit of informing everybody he meets that "it's a fine day," whether it be fair or stormy, enjoys nothing else so much as to sit down at close of day with one of his aged cronies, or with one of a younger generation, and recall the years agone.

With the decadence of its commerce, Galena lost much of that energy and en-

thusiasm which characterized it in the early Forties. Turmoil and strife have given place to tranquillity and good-fellowship. The people live a quiet, abundant life, undisturbed by the bitternesses and contentions of the outer world. Of a moonlight night pleasure craft ply on the river, and the willows that line the banks of the lazy stream sway gracefully in the breeze, casting fantastic shadows on the water, and affording romantic retreats for lovers out boating. In summer-time the ragged boulders on the hillsides glare under the scorching rays of the sun; the cozy cottages hidden in a wealth of foliage look cool and inviting; birds hop about merrily and sing sweetly in the tree-tops; happy, irreverent children romp amid the neglected graves in the old, ill-kept government cemetery, and ivy creeps tenderly over the stone walls of the little Gothic Episcopal Church, set snugly between great, jutting gray rocks, and peeps up over the moss-covered roof. In the cool of the morning the gabbling old German hucksters come in from the country-side, and gather in the market-place, where they are patronized liberally by the housewives of the town.

### II.

Very sweet and precious to the good people of Galena is the memory of a simple, honest man who, about a year before the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, came among them to clerk in a leather store. His patronymic was Grant; his dual Christian name, Ulysses Simpson. He lived in a plain two-story brick house on the great, frowning hill which looks down upon the shops, the market-place and the river, and up the steep, rocky side of which creep several flights of wooden stairs. The past had



GRANT'S HOME BEFORE THE WAR.

"He lived in a plain, two-story brick house on the great, frowning hill."

been fraught with adversity for him; the future held out promise of little else. When the day's work was done—how irksome to him that work must have been!—he would leave the store, his slouch hat pulled well over his grave thoughtful eyes, and climb the hill to his home, there to eat the frugal evening meal and try to forget his cares and perplexities in the companionship of his gracious wife and of his children.

This man read the newspapers diligently, and was profoundly sensible of the dangers which threatened the life of the Nation. As day by day the shadows lengthened and grew more ominous, he became more and more apprehensive. Long before the crisis actually came, and while others, less observant and far-seeing, still thought that it might be averted, he saw that war was inevitable. But that it was to last four long years, and entail so dreadful a sacrifice of blood and of

treasure,—that he did not foresee. Nor had he any prescience of his own great destiny. He had once held a captain's commission in the regular army, and he had enough confidence in himself to think he could command a regiment creditably; further than that, his ambition did not go. And among all the other men of the town,—and there were men here possessed of keen powers of discernment,—there was not one who saw in him that genius which was so soon to make him famous.

On the Sabbath day he would go to the little Methodist Church in the shadow of the hill, to worship the God in whom he trusted through all the years of his life. When the good pastor, John H. Vincent, now honored as a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as founder of Chautauqua and of the Chautauqua Circle, offered up earnest prayer to Him who ruleth the universe to stay the giant hand

that was slowly rising in the South to smite the Nation, the worshiper in the pew, unconscious of the great responsibilities that were to be laid upon him, bowed his head reverently, and said a fervent amen.

Such was Grant, and such were his environments, when Sumpter was fired upon.

After Appomattox, who was it the people of Galena welcomed back to their hearts and to their homes? A strutting egotist? No! It was the same manly, modest man who, before the War, had dwelt and worked in the midst of them. To him they paid the tribute due to genius and he accepted it with that unaffected modesty which ever denotes the truly great. The plaudits of the civilized world had not destroyed the splendid simplicity of his character; so pure and so valorous a nature was not thus to be spoiled.

### III.

So much of myth has gathered about the name of Grant that it is well-nigh impossible to separate that which is historical respecting the man from what is purely fabulous. Writers for the press seem to have taken particular pains to misrepresent his life in Galena.

During Grant's brief residence here before the War he was strictly attentive to business, and rarely was he seen in the streets, except when he walked to and from his home. There were not a dozen men in the town who had social intercourse with him. He was poor and obscure. Yet, when he came into eminence, the public was regaled with a surprising number of stories about him from men who perhaps had never seen him, but who said they had been his intimate friends before the War. Some contented themselves with exploiting his virtues; others recounted his alleged vices. Bar-room loafers affirmed that they had drunk gallons of whisky with him. One old barber, as if bent on outdoing all others in mendacity, solemnly averred that, in the early Forties, Grant used to call at his shop precisely at seven every

morning and go out with him to take a drink. In charity let it be presumed that the garrulous hair-cutter's addiction to a deplorable habit was responsible for his false utterances. The fact that Grant had never seen Galena at that time gave the barber no concern whatsoever. It is in evidence that Grant never drank a drop of intoxicating liquor while he lived here. He had only two conspicuous habits at that time: one was smoking his pipe and the other was attending to his own business. Occasionally he would meet with a few friends to play whist. Some of those friends are still living, and, being honest and truthful men, they will tell you that the story to the effect that he was a drunkard is utterly false.

Grant was a man of the highest virtue, reverencing all that was pure and sweet and noble. Though not a church member at the time, yet he was of a deeply religious nature. He was never heard to utter a profane or an unchaste word. There has been iterated and reiterated, until many people have come to credit it, a foundationless story to the effect that he used to sit in the leather store till late at night smoking his pipe, gambling, drinking whisky, and "cussing the damned niggers." All the time he could spare from his business was given to his wife and children. His devotion to them was beautiful in its tenderness. His home was almost severe in its plainness, yet it was very precious to him.

### IV.

In 1841 Ulysses S. Grant's father, Jesse R. Grant, and E. A. Collins formed a copartnership to carry on the tannery business in Ohio established by the elder Grant. In the same year Mr. Collins came to Galena, then at the perihelion of its commercial glory, and the metropolis of the Northwest, to open a store for the purpose of buying hides and placing on the market the products of the Ohio tannery. In 1853 there was printed in the local paper a unique notice of the dissolution of the copartnership between Mr. Grant and Mr. Collins in the form of some

verse by Mr. Grant, wherein that somewhat eccentric old gentleman evinced much good-nature and very little genius for metrical composition. The partnership was dissolved for business reasons only, and the *entente cordiale* between the two men was not disturbed thereby. Mr. Collins continued business at the old stand, and Mr. Grant opened a store farther down street, the management of which he intrusted to his second son, Simpson Grant, an honest, capable young business man. In May, 1860, his eldest son, the subject of this sketch, removed from St. Louis to Galena to accept a clerkship in the store. It was the intention of the elder Grant to soon sever his own connection with the store and transfer the business to his three sons, in whom he had the fullest confidence. But unforeseen circumstances arose to prevent the consummation of his plans. Within a year Ulysses S. Grant was in the service of his country, and Simpson Grant was lying on his death-bed. In the autumn of 1861 the latter succumbed to that

insidious malady, tuberculosis. In the beautiful cemetery in the western outskirts of the town is a grave marked with a simple marble monument bearing this inscription :

SAMUEL SIMPSON GRANT :

Born  
Sept. 23, 1825.

Died  
Sept. 13, 1861.

The elder Grant never lived in Galena. While his sons were in the store here, he was operating his tannery in Ohio. Simpson Grant was compelled to retire from active business life months before his death. From the time of his removal to Galena until Lincoln's first call for troops, a period of eleven months, Ulysses S. Grant had charge of the business. At the breaking out of the War Orville Grant, who had been assistant to his brothers, became the head of the house. A few years later he and C. R. Perkins formed a copartnership, under the firm name of Grant & Perkins, and bought the stock of goods belonging to E. A. Collins, consolidating it with that of the Grant store. After his retirement from business Mr. Collins migrated to Iowa, of which commonwealth he became an honored and useful citizen. He died several years ago at his home in Shelby county. He was a man of broad sympathies and of sterling integrity.

It may here be said, parenthetically, that Ulysses S. Grant first saw Galena in 1856, or in 1857, while on his way by boat from St. Louis to St. Paul. The boat arrived late in the evening, and, in the short time it was in port, he called on his old friend Mr. Collins. He did not come again until March, 1860, when he made arrangements to move his family here. "Now, Ulysses," said his father, "you've made a failure of life so far as you've gone ; I hope you'll do better in the store than you have elsewhere. I am afraid West Point didn't do you any good. You must get down to business now."

Grant's first opportunity to vote for a presidential candidate came in 1856, when he was a citizen of St. Louis. At that



THE OLD GRANT & PERKINS STORE.

time he was nearly thirty-five years old. Since attaining his majority his sympathies had been with the Whig party. But that party had now ceased to exist. He believed that the election of the republican candidate for the presidency would precipitate the secession of every one of the slave states. He argued that the election of a democrat would leave no pretext for secession for four years at least. He hoped that the passions of the people would subside meantime. If the catastrophe could not be averted, he believed that the country would be better prepared to meet it four years later than it was then. He, therefore, voted for Buchanan. When the election took place in 1860 he had not resided in Illinois long enough to entitle him to vote. This was not a disappointment to him, for he would have been compelled by his pledges to vote for Douglas, whose defeat was inevitable. He desired, as between Breckenridge and Lincoln, to see Lincoln elected. The campaign was an exceedingly sharp one. The republicans of Galena organized a "Wide-Awake" club. Although he did not take an active part in the public demonstrations of either party, he occasionally met with the "Wide-Awakes" in their rooms to superintend their drill. It is said that he also frequently performed a similar service for the "Douglas Guards," a democratic campaign club. His sympathy with the republican party was well known to his friends, although he did not say much on the subject of politics. His wife was a Southern-bred woman, and at that time she owned two slaves in Missouri. Prior to the breaking out of the War, her sympathies were undoubtedly with the people in the midst of whom she was reared; but, when the crisis came, there was no woman in the land more loyal than she. Whatever may be said of the political affiliations of her husband before the War, no one who knew him could have had any doubt of his undying devotion to the Union. He was more of a patriot than a partisan at all times. "He was always in favor of the United States."

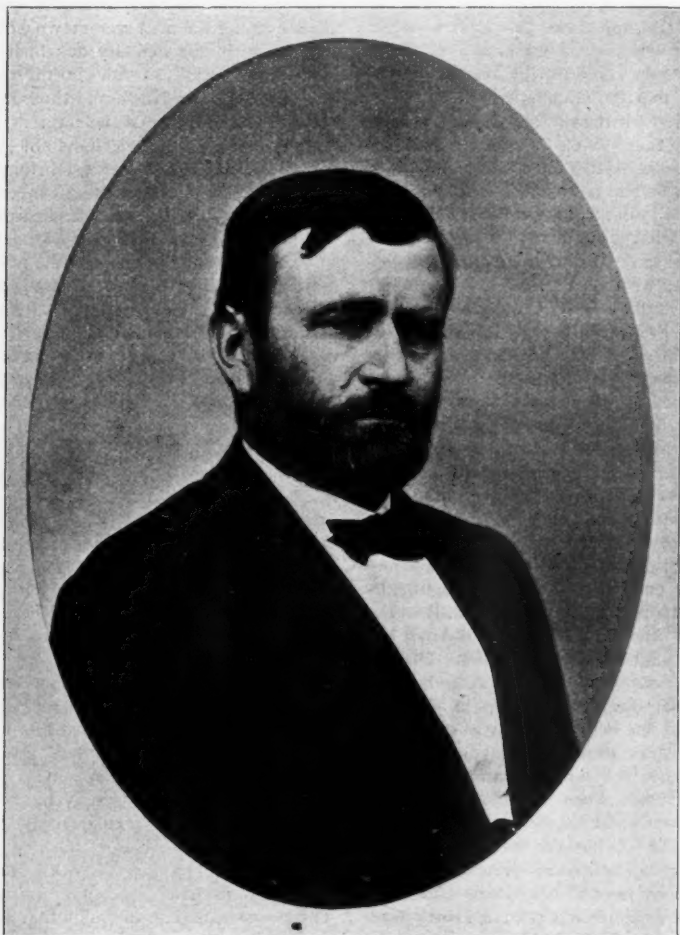
In the winter of 1860-61 he did considerable traveling through the Northwest. The leather house had customers in all the little towns in Southwestern Wisconsin, Southeastern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa, and he called on them occasionally to get their orders for goods. When it came to be known that he had been an officer in the regular army he attracted attention everywhere he went. Of an evening the men about town would congregate in the hostelry at which he was staying to discuss with him the relations between the North and the South, and the probabilities of the future. He thought that a conflict was inevitable, but that "the War would be over in ninety days." He was an interesting conversationalist, and on those occasions he would talk with impressive earnestness on the subject that was uppermost in the public mind, the group of men about him listening eagerly to every word that fell from his lips. None dreamed, however, that the name of that unpresumptuous man was to go down in history with the names of Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon and Wellington.

#### V.

April, 11, 1861, "the shot that was heard round the world" was fired, and immediately thereafter came Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers. Intense excitement prevailed in Galena. A call was issued forthwith for a meeting of patriotic citizens at the court house. When the meeting was called to order Mayor Robert Brand, a Southern-bred democrat, was elected to preside. It was suspected by some that he sympathized with secession, and an effort was made to oust him from the chair, but it did not succeed. Subsequently another meeting was held, and Grant, doubtless by reason of his being an ex-officer in the regular army, was chosen chairman. He was much embarrassed, but he succeeded, with prompting, to announce the object of the meeting. The two principal speakers on that occasion were Postmaster Howard, who had voted for Breckinridge for president the fall before, and John A. Rawlins, a young

lawyer who had been a candidate for elector on the Douglas ticket. Congressman Elihu B. Washburne came in after the meeting had been organized, and made a patriotic speech. After the speaking, volunteers were called for to form a company. Inasmuch as the quota of Illinois had been fixed at six regiments, it was thought that not more than one

company would be accepted from Galena. Before the meeting adjourned the company was raised and the officers were elected. Grant was tendered the captaincy of the company, but he could not be induced to accept it. In a characteristic speech he explained the duties of a soldier, emphasizing the necessity of implicit, unquestioning obedience to com-



With Permission of Col. D. M. Fox, from his "History of Political Parties."

GENERAL GRANT.

From a Photograph taken soon after his Return to Galena at the close of the War.





BIRDEYE VIEW OF GALENA—LOOKING TO THE SOUTHWEST.

petent authority. He announced that he would be glad to assist the company to the extent of his ability, and finally evoked cheers by declaring that he intended to go into the service. His labors in the leather store ended with that meeting. The next day he wrote a letter to his father-in-law, predicting the uprising of the North, and the doom of slavery. Of all the other exalted intelligences of the time, none saw with clearer vision the course of events. From the viewpoint of an inconspicuous citizen he had watched the lowering of the fearful war clouds, and, far in advance of men high in public station, had foreseen the issue.

The ladies of Galena immediately set about the task of making uniforms for the company. Grant furnished them a description of the United States uniform for infantry, and they prosecuted their work with vigor and enthusiasm. Meantime Grant was drilling the company, and in a few days it was prepared to report for assignment. As the valorous soldier boys were marching briskly down the main street on their way to the sta-

tion to take the train for Springfield, Grant, wearing an old army uniform, and carrying a grip-sack, "fell in" behind them, having made up his mind to go with the company to the State Capital.

Arriving there he was assigned to duty as clerk in the adjutant-general's office, where his army experience was of invaluable service to the State. He possessed little clerical capacity, but having been quartermaster, commissary and adjutant in the field, the army forms were familiar to him, and hence he could direct the work of the office. Meantime the legislature had authorized the governor to accept ten additional regiments, and Grant had charge of mustering these into the service. One of the regiments was organized in and about Belleville, twenty miles southeast of St. Louis. On his way there to muster it in, Grant visited his old Galena friends in the Twelfth Regiment, which was stationed at Caseyville.

While Grant was doing duty at Springfield, nearly all of the prominent public men of the State were assembled there. The only members of congress he knew



were Washburne and Foulk, neither of whom paid much attention to him. He was acquainted with Governor Yates, and, by chance, he met Senator Stephen A. Douglas. General John Pope was stationed there as United States mustering officer. Grant and Pope had been classmates at West Point, and they had served together under Taylor in the Mexican War. One day Pope suggested to Grant that he enter the army. Grant said he intended to should the country need his services. Pope had a wide acquaintance with the public men of the State, and he offered to request them to indorse Grant for some acceptable position. But Grant was "unwilling to receive indorsement for permission to fight for his country." Later Grant wrote from Galena a letter to the adjutant-general of the army expressing confidence in his ability to command a regiment, and tendering his services to the government. That letter was never answered.

Subsequently the Twenty-first Regiment, which Grant had mustered into the State service, was threatened with mutiny, by reason of the incompetency of its colonel. Governor Yates promptly removed the cause of the trouble, and appointed Grant to the colonelcy. A few days later Grant had his men in camp, and when they had been reduced to discipline, he returned to Galena to procure a horse, and to order a uniform and a sword. He soon found a horse to suit him, but cash was demanded for it, and that he could not pay. Of a truth, the owner of that steed did not know whether Grant was honest or not; he had never heard of him before. This only goes to show how obscure Grant was,—how limited was his acquaintance in the town. Finally he was told that if he would give his note with security he might take the animal. He requested Mr. Collins to go his security, and his friend cheerfully granted the favor.

#### VI.

Several persons have made claim to honors, the gratitude of the Nation, and

the inevitable pension, on the ground of having been the first to suggest to President Lincoln the advantages of a campaign against the South by way of the Tennessee and the Cumberland rivers; albeit such advantages must have suggested themselves to every school-boy familiar with the map of the Southern states. On the occasion of his visit to Galena immediately before he went to the front, Grant, in conversation with a few friends, pointed out the strategic advantages of the very campaign which, a few months later, he himself was conducting, and which resulted in the capture of Henry and of Donelson, the fall of Nashville, the battle of Shiloh, the fall of Corinth and of Memphis, and virtually the driving of the Confederate forces out of Tennessee.

A short time before he was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment, Grant had gone to Cincinnati to see General McClellan, then in command of the Military Department of West Virginia, hoping, through his good offices, to get a commission. But McClellan's headquarters was so closely guarded by armed sentinels, and the General himself was surrounded by such a retinue, that it was impossible for the unknown Galenian to get an audience with the little commander, and, thoroughly disgusted, he returned to Springfield.

#### VII.

The impression obtains that Grant owed all his successive advancements to the influence of Elihu B. Washburne. It is possible that this impression might be traced to its fountain-head in the person of a very astute politician. In truth, there is no foundation for it. While Grant was trying to obtain some position in which he could be of service to his country, Washburne tendered him no assistance whatsoever. The two men had never spoken to each other until they met at the "War meeting" immediately after the firing upon Fort Sumpter. It is in evidence that Washburne was displeased that Grant should have been elected to

preside at that meeting. Grant was given a clerkship in the adjutant-general's office because he could make himself useful there. No man had to sacrifice himself on the altar of friendship to get that appointment for him. Indeed, Governor Yates personally requested him to accept it. Governor Yates soon learned that Grant was better qualified to discharge responsibilities than were many of those who were seeking and obtaining preferment, and he gave him a colonel's commission. No one had asked the Governor to make that appointment; Grant was indebted for it to no one but the governor. Then Grant was appointed a brigadier-general. It is true that Washburne recommended him to the President for that position, but so also did the other members of the Illinois delegation in Congress. He was now in the direct line of promotion, and for the opportunities that came to him later, he was indebted to the generous, sagacious Lincoln, more than to anybody or to anything else,—Providence excepted. Washburne's greatest solicitude for him was shown when he was beyond need of assistance from "the Commoner." It is difficult to assign motives; it is not the purpose of this article to attempt to assign those that prompted Washburne finally to so ardently espouse the cause of the great warrior. Whether or not they were tainted with self-interest is left for the reader to determine for himself.

"Words"—President Lincoln was tired of these; they were not putting down the Rebellion. "Action"—it was for this that he was praying. The plain, purposeful patriot who had gone out from the leather store in Galena came upon the scene. "Belmont"—it was not exactly a victory, but it showed that there was a man in the West who had a genius for doing,—who was not afraid to fight. The President took heart. Then Fort Henry fell. Then Fort Donelson, with its large garrison and all its stores, was captured,—the first substantial victory of the War. Grant, with the brave Western men under him, had done it; and he had

sent word to General Buckner that "no terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted." To Lincoln there was much generalship in these words.

Almost immediately thereafter was issued Halleck's order relieving Grant of his command, and virtually placing him under arrest. The fatal illness of General J. F. Smith restored him to his rightful place too late to avert the disaster of the first day at Shiloh. But at day-break on the morrow, the defeated army of the previous day was moving upon the enemy's position, and the last gleam of the setting sun shone on the victorious banners of the Union hosts, with Beauregard's legions in wild retreat. Here was another victory to the credit of Grant. To him war evidently meant fighting. Halleck again subjected him to unjust treatment. At the same time it was heralded throughout the North that Grant had been drunk at Shiloh. But Lincoln had been watching it all. "Tell me," he said, "what brand of whiskey Grant drinks, and I'll send each of my generals a barrel of it." Then Halleck permitted the Confederates to get away from Corinth with all their stores and munitions of war. Would Grant have committed so stupid a blunder? Lincoln was not long answering this question. He called Halleck to Washington, and Grant, as the senior officer, succeeded to the command. History tells the rest.

#### VIII.

On March 18, 1864, Grant was presented by the people of his old home with a beautiful and costly sword as a "token of their appreciation of his inestimable services to the country in the suppression of the Rebellion, and particularly in opening to the people of the valley of the Mississippi their great pathway of commerce to the ocean." The sword was rich in design and elaborate in finish; the grasp and guard were ornamented with figures representing the heads of Jupiter, Mars, Mercury and Minerva; the grasp was inlaid with tor-

toise shell, held in place by gold studs, and the pommel was encircled with diamonds set in pure gold. Underneath the circle of diamonds was a shield bearing the motto, "*Sic Floret Republicue.*"

Men are judged by the means they employ to the attainment of their ends no less than by what they actually achieve. That Grant accomplished a stupendous purpose is no longer questioned; it is within the record. But what of a method of warfare which sacrificed thousands of precious human lives for immediate results? Was such a course sagacious in generalship or defensible from a humane point of view? This generation is far enough from the prejudices of the cruel civil strife to see what the country did not see then,—that a policy less aggressive would have been unwise in tactics and unmerciful to all engaged in the struggle. Supported and protected by Lincoln, whose faith in him never wavered, Grant followed the dictates of his own superior judgment, organized victory, crushed the Rebellion and restored peace.

The world requires a retrospect to take the correct measurement of men. Genius grows as it recedes from us. Full justice has not even yet been done the great, generous, heroic soul that, throttling treason, won for this Nation the right to live.



THE RAWLINS AND ROWLEY COTTAGES.

"Back on the hill, scarcely a stone's throw from the house in which Grant lived, are two frame cottages."

## IX.

Back on the hill, scarcely a stone's throw from the house in which Grant lived, are two frame cottages, so near together and so much alike that sometimes the occupants, looking from the street, are doubtful which to enter. One of these, at the breaking out of the War, was occupied by John A. Rawlins; in the other lived William R. Rowley. Rawlins was a young lawyer; his opportunities for acquiring an education had been limited, but, being diligent and possessing a good mind, he had succeeded in building a practice at the bar. In the presidential canvass of 1860 he had been a pronounced Douglas partisan, and his speeches had attracted considerable attention. But when the integrity of the Union was threatened, no other man was more patriotic than he was. Rowley was clerk of the circuit court; he was amiable, valorous, and a strong Unionist. Grant had enjoyed the acquaintance of these men when he was a clerk in the leather store.

When Grant was appointed brigadier-general, he asked Rawlins to accept the position of assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of captain, on his staff. Rawlins was about to go into the service as major of a regiment then being organized from volunteers in and about Galena.

He considered the matter carefully, and finally made up his mind to go with Grant. He had had no military training or experience, but he possessed the qualities of a good soldier, and became a very useful officer, remaining with his chief to the close of the War. He rose to the rank of brigadier-general and chief of staff to the general of the army,—an office created for him. He was unselfish, loyal, brave and at times headstrong. Much that is untrue has been

written about the relations he sustained to Grant during the War. Though his services were valuable, yet they were by no means of so great importance as some writers would have us believe. It has been maintained that he exercised a sort of censorship over Grant,—was virtually master of the situation. Those who knew Grant appreciate the absurdity of this. Grant had respect for and confidence in Rawlins, but he did not permit his subordinates to dictate what he should or should not do. Rawlins was in no sense a boaster. A high moral principle served as his rule of thought and action, both in public and in private life. He did not seek to create the impression that he was greater than Grant. He awarded credit to whom it was due. He acknowledged heartily and admired ardently the genius of the commander-in-chief. He asserted time and again that Grant was the most self-reliant general of the War; that his reserve powers were extraordinary, and that, as his responsibilities increased, his intellect became clearer and his power of action greater.

Rowley entered the service as lieutenant of Company D, Forty-fifth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was soon appointed to a position on Grant's staff. The services of this gallant officer on the memorable 6th of April, 1862, were of incalculable benefit to the Union cause. It was he who, as the curtain was about to be rung down on the first act of the bloody tragedy at Shiloh, brought General Lew Wallace's division on the field, thus assuring a turning of the tide of battle in favor of the Federal forces on the morrow. General Rowley was a man of remarkable equipoise and courage. He was compelled by failing health to retire from the army a short time before the close of hostilities. He died in 1886, after a painful illness. He enjoyed in fullest measure the respect of those who knew him. Grant was one of his warmest personal friends.

It is noteworthy that, besides Grant, Rawlins and Rowley, Galena gave to the Nation in the hour of its peril many



GENERAL M. R. ROWLEY.

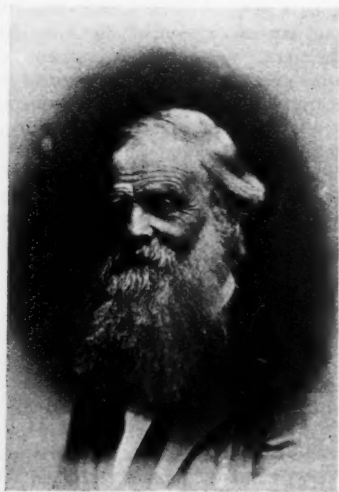
others who attained high rank in the army. Among these may be mentioned Major-General John E. Smith, Brigadier-Generals J. A. Maltby, A. L. Chetlain, J. C. Smith and J. O. Duer, and Dr. E. D. Kittoe. Doctor Kittoe, who had gone out as surgeon of the Forty-fifth Regiment, was appointed surgeon on Grant's staff and medical director of the Army of the Tennessee. Subsequently he was promoted to the position of medical inspector of the Military Division of the Mississippi, commanded by General Sherman. Doctor Kittoe possessed many noble traits of character, and both Grant and Sherman loved and admired him. He died in 1887.

## X.

Immediately after the close of the War Grant returned to Galena, where an enthusiastic public reception was tendered him. He was glad to be in the midst of his old neighbors again. The town was in brilliant apparel. Flags floated from every building, arches spanned the streets, and the name of the great soldier was displayed everywhere. On one occasion Grant had said that his highest

political ambition was to become mayor of Galena. "There is no sidewalk leading to my house," he explained, "and I should try to induce the council to appropriate money to build one." The sidewalk had been built in his absence, and a conspicuous motto surmounting one of the arches proclaimed the fact to him when he came back.

Nothing gives a man greater popularity than do military victories. It was plain to the leaders of the republican party now that by the logic of events Grant was to be made the candidate of that party for the presidency. The signal services he later rendered the country in his contest with President Johnson still further popularized him. When the convention met he was nominated without formidable opposition. He was elected by a handsome majority. On his return from the War the people of Galena had presented him with a comfortable house, and he still considered this his home, although his official duties had kept him at Washington almost continually since the War.



DR. E. D. KITTOR.

From a Photograph taken shortly before his Death.

## XI.

When the time came for him to select his cabinet President Grant gave Washburne the portfolio of State, and Rawlins was appointed Secretary of War. In regard to the premiership he afterwards said: "My first choice for the State department was James F. Wilson, of Iowa. I appointed Mr. Washburne under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Washburne knew he was going to France and wanted to go. I called on him one day when he was ill. I found him in a desponding mood. He said that before going to a country like France he would like to have the prestige of a cabinet office; that it would help his mission very much. He suggested the Treasury. I had already spoken to Mr. Stewart on the subject, and said I would make him [Washburne] Secretary of State. So came the appointment.

It has been stoutly denied that Grant offered Wilson a position in the cabinet. The following letter (hitherto unpublished), which was written by Grant's own hand, will serve to settle the question forever:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9, 1869.

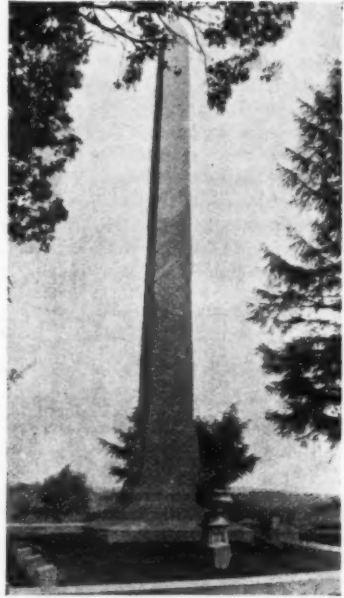
HON. JAMES F. WILSON:

*Dear Sir,*—It is but an act of simple justice to you that I should state that I have seen, with pain, for the last few days, studied and persistent attacks upon you for a vote which it seems you gave, as a member of the judiciary committee in the last congress, upon the McGarrah claim. I was not aware that you gave such a vote until I saw these attacks, and now have no knowledge or opinion upon the merits of the claim. My opinion of you, however, is such that I do not doubt but you cast your vote conscientiously, and according to the testimony advanced before the committee. The gossip, therefore, which says "that a distinguished member lost a seat in the cabinet, and a place in the confidence of his friends, through his connection with the case," is untrue. If it alludes to you, and it clearly does, it is refuted by the fact that I tendered you a place in my cabinet, and very much regretted that you felt constrained not to accept, for reasons entirely personal to yourself, and having no connection with any official act of yours.

With assurances that I still entertain the same high opinion of you that I did when tendering you a cabinet appointment, I remain, very truly,

Your obedient servant,  
U. S. GRANT.

It was distinctly understood when Washburne was appointed Secretary of State that he was to resign within a few months and go as Minister to France, and that Wilson was to succeed him as premier. Wilson meantime was tendered another place in the cabinet, but he declined it. Once ensconced in the State Department, Washburne set diligently about the task of dispensing the patronage of the office, and so well did he accomplish his purpose that, when he resigned, all the offices at his disposal had been given to his own friends. Naturally enough Wilson was indignant at the turn affairs had taken, and, without regaling the public with an exploitation of the reasons that impelled him to do so, he dignifiedly declined the highest place in



THE WASHBURNE MONUMENT AT GALENA.



MAIN STREET, GALENA.

Decorations on the occasion of the Reception of General Grant on his return from the War. "General, the sidewalk is built,"

the president's council. He could see no other course open to him consistent with dignity and self-respect. He cherished, however, no resentment toward Grant. The latter had no better friend than he proved to be. The vicious spoils system nearly wrecked Grant's first administration. The successful soldier made a poor politician; he did not understand the arts of self-seekers and demagogues, and he was, therefore, easily imposed upon. To the unscrupulous place-hunters by whom he unsuspectingly surrounded himself were due the scandals that came so near destroying him. In the bitterness and the blindness of party rancor he was assailed most mercilessly for the acts of his betrayers.

Washburne was unquestionably able but inordinately ambitious. As Minister to France he performed distinguished services. At the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, Germany requested him to extend protection to German sub-



jects then in Paris and in other French cities. He exercised his influence very sagaciously in compliance with that request, enabling many Germans to communicate with their homes, and to pass thither in safety through the French lines. He returned to America in 1877, an aspirant for the presidency. He failed to attain the goal of his ambition, and died a disappointed man. His grave is in Greenwood Cemetery in Galena, a plain granite monument surmounting it.

## XII.

When, in 1877, Grant retired from office, he had regained the respect and confi-

dence of all the people. It was well understood then that he had had all the civic honors he desired.

On May 17th of that year, accompanied by his wife and his son, he sailed from Philadelphia on his famous tour around the world. He was received with marked favor by the sovereigns and the peoples of the Old World, and on his return he was greeted affectionately by his countrymen. The trip from San Francisco to Galena was a succession of ovations. A cheering multitude welcomed him home. Arrangements had been made for a brilliant public demonstration. Cannon boomed, bands played, and men marched through

## GRANT TO WILSON.

(Facsimile of President Grant's Letter to Senator Wilson — now published for the first time, by permission.)

Washington, D.C.  
Apr. 9<sup>th</sup> 1869.

Hon. J. G. Wilson.  
Dear Sir:

It is but an act of simple justice to you that I should state that I have seen, with pain, for the last few days, studied and persistent attacks upon you for a vote which it seems you gave, as a member of the Judiciary Committee in the last Congress, upon the Mr. Garrison claim. I was not aware that you gave such a vote until I saw these attacks and now have no standpoint or opinion upon the merits of the claim. My opinion of you however



so much that I do not doubt but  
you cast your vote unequivocally and  
according to the testimony advanced before  
the Committee. The great triumph which  
says "that a distinguished man who had  
a seat in the Cabinet, and a place in  
the confidence of his friends, through his  
connection with the case" is untrue. If  
it alludes to you, and I closely dare it  
is refuted by the fact that I tendered  
you a place in my Cabinet and  
very much regretted that you felt  
constrained not to accept, for reasons entirely  
personal to yourself, and leaving me  
connection with any official acts of  
yours.

With assurance that I still  
entertain the same high opinion of  
you that I did when tendering you  
a Cabinet appointment I remain

Very truly,

Your obt. servt.

W. H. Grant.

the streets and shouted themselves hoarse. The streets were gorgeously decorated. It was a notable expression of popular homage to a great and good man. To the formal address of welcome Grant made a brief, prudent and practical response.

Grant was at home when the national republican convention met in Chicago in 1880. The Western Union Telegraph Company had offered to run a wire from its central office to his house that he might receive private bulletins there; but he courteously declined the favor. His tour around the world had fatigued him, and he was now living a quiet, restful life. Every morning immediately after breakfast he would seat himself at his desk and go carefully over his voluminous correspondence. That task done, he would light a fresh cigar, send his servant Yanada for his cane, and, accompanied by the faithful Jap, walk to the office of General Rowley to greet his old staff-

officer, and to get the latest news from the convention. Then he would stroll leisurely up street, stopping frequently to shake hands with old friends and acquaintances of ante-bellum days. At Mr. B. F. Felt's grocery store there were usually gathered a few old-time citizens in eager anticipation of a morning call from him, and it was rare that he disappointed them. He went among these "plain people" now no less quietly and modestly than in the years gone by. Kings but a few months before had doffed their crowns to him, yet to the people of Galena he was the same gentle, retiring man they had known before the War. That extraordinary self-poise which had served him to such good purpose during the turbulent war period was strikingly manifest now. The people generally were excited, but the principal figure in the great political contest which was the provocative of their disquietude,—the man whose name was upon the lips of millions, — maintained throughout those eleven feverishly exciting days the utmost composure. He gave no sign whatsoever of the solicitude he must have felt respecting the action of the convention; apparently he had less personal concern therein than had the humblest laborer in the streets. It was his habit to go to General Rowley's office every evening; there he would sit and smoke and listen to the reading of the bulletins and converse with friends till near midnight, when, with the devoted Yanada at his side, he would climb the hill to his home. His conversation was charming in its simplicity and directness, and he would hold his auditors in delighted attention for hours at a time. His tour around the world had appreciably broadened and enriched his mind, and he seemed never to tire of talking about what he had seen in Europe and in Asia. He was endowed with great powers of observation, he was an omnivorous reader



GENERAL ROWLEY'S OFFICE,  
In which General Grant received Bulletins from the National Republican  
Convention in 1880. Louis A. Rowley at his desk.

of the choicest literature, and his mind had become a veritable storehouse of useful information. His narrative was simple and graphic.

On one occasion an important bulletin came while he was telling one of his inimicable stories. Every one else in the room was anxious to hear the reading of the dispatch, but to him the story seemed to be of first importance. He went on talking, while the others moved uneasily in their chairs.

One morning, near the close of the convention, Louis, son of General Rowley, entered the office, much excited, and said: "General Grant, I have a very important piece of news for you." "All right, Mr. Rowley," said Grant with characteristic *sang froid*, "what is it?" "There is a rumor," said Mr. Rowley, "to the effect that Hamilton Fish's name will be sprung on the convention." Thereupon Grant turned to General Rowley, his face beaming with pleasure, and said: "Rowley, undignified as it might seem in me to do it, if the convention will agree to nominate Fish, I'll agree to stand on my head right here. Fish is one of the best men in this country; he is splendidly equipped for the presidency.

Early one morning the younger Rowley went to Grant's residence to deliver to the General a telegram from J. Russell Young, wherein the distinguished journalist conceded the defeat of Grant. Grant put on his spectacles and read the dispatch carefully. Thereupon he lighted a fresh cigar, looked out of the window thoughtfully for a moment, re-read the telegram, and, turning to his visitor, offered him a cigar. "Thank you, General Grant," said Rowley, "but I can't stand the cigars that you and father smoke; they're too strong." Grant smiled. There was nothing in his looks or in his actions to indicate disappointment. When the dispatch announcing the nomination of Garfield finally came, he said: "I can't say that I regret my own defeat. By it I shall escape four years of hard work and four years of

abuse. Now I hope the newspapers will let me and my family alone."

### XIII.

For many years the relations between Grant and Washburne had been of the most cordial nature, but now friendly intercourse between the two men whose names were associated so intimately in the public mind ceased entirely. Grant could not escape the conviction that he had been betrayed by Washburne. It is affirmed that Washburne had early importuned Grant to become a candidate for a third term nomination, and that it was largely through Washburne's representations that Grant finally consented that his name should be presented to the convention. Grant was told that the people were clamoring for his renomination and his reelection. That he was a victim of misplaced confidence there is little doubt. Before the delegates had assembled, his friends suspected that plans had been laid looking to the nomination of Washburne; and later developments served to confirm their suspicions. Grant was slow to suspect others of bad faith, and slower still to accuse them of it; but the day after the convention was called to order, he divined that a combination, to which some of his professed friends were parties, had been formed against him, and he predicted his own defeat. He accepted the issue philosophically. "The 306," under the leadership of the peerless Conkling and the gallant Logan, went down in honorable defeat.

Washburne passed quickly out of public notice, his ambition crushed, his prestige gone. It was sought afterwards, through the medium of friends, to arrange a meeting between him and Grant looking to the restoration of friendly relations, but all overtures to that end were unavailing. Grant and Washburne never spoke to each other again.

The true history of that memorable convention is yet to be written. That Washburne was guilty of any turpitude has been no less strenuously denied than affirmed, but the fact remains that

Grant himself believed that the old "Watch-dog of the Treasury" was culpable,—and Grant, of all men, was in position to know. It is believed by some who were near to the General that Washburne had carefully gone over the situation while Grant was abroad, and had come to the conclusion that, if Grant could be induced to enter the contest against Blaine, there would be a dead-lock ; that a compromise candidate would finally have to be agreed upon, and that in all probability he, being so near to Grant and so well equipped for the office of chief magistrate of the Nation, would be nominated. The plan looked tantalizingly practicable, but it turned out badly for him who conceived it.

#### XIV.

In 1881 Grant purchased a house in New York City, where he took up his legal residence, spending a part of each summer, however, in his cottage at Long Branch. He retained the house here that his old friends and neighbors had given him ; it is now a part of the Grant estate. It is a comfortable, old-fashioned brick structure on the brow of one of the heights skirting the east bank of the river. Grant had a very warm attach-

ment for Galena, and it is believed that if no outside influences had been brought to bear upon him he would have passed the remainder of his days here. When he returned from the Old World he said he intended to make this his home. His Japanese servant accompanied him to his Eastern home, but he did not stay there long. Under date of November 26, 1881, Yanada wrote General Rowley a long and interesting letter. Among other things he said :

"Now I have a good chance to go with our minister in Washington, and I have to leave General Grant's house very soon. I am really sorry to miss my dear General Grant, as you know that I have been with him over two years ; but he has been not a single day angry about me, and always so kind and familiar in his manner, that I will appreciate to his high stand, and I think that I have done my duty well while I was with him, and I shall remember that I had the honor of being with him so long."

General Grant wrote to General Rowley frequently. In one of his letters he extended a very cordial invitation to General and Mrs. Rowley to visit him and his family at Long Branch. Louis A. Rowley is in possession of all the letters written to General Rowley by General Grant after his removal to New York



THE HOUSE PRESENTED TO GENERAL GRANT BY THE CITIZENS OF GALENA.

City. I am indebted to Mr. Rowley for a copy of one of the most interesting of these :

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 8, 1884.

Dear Rowley:—As I told you, I am writing a few articles on the War of the Rebellion for the *Century Magazine*. "The Battle of Shiloh" and "The Vicksburg Campaign" are completed. I am now engaged on "The Wilderness Campaign." I have got up to the crossing of the Rapidan, and I have told the story of Swinton's eaves-dropping. But I am afraid I have not got it entirely correct. I know he was introduced by Washburne, with the assurance that he was a gentleman and was not a newspaper correspondent, but a literary man who proposed to write a history of the War after the War was over.

Will you write me the particulars of your detecting him listening ; who were with me at the time ; what you said to the man, and what action was taken. My recollection is that this occurred the first night after crossing the Rapidan—May 4, 1864—and that my headquarters were in a tent not far south of the river. Badeau's history says that my headquarters were that night in a deserted house overlooking Germania Ford. Please state whether it was the first night after crossing, and if I occupied a tent ; if neither, when and where it was.

You may remember that later—when we were at Cold Harbor, I think—Burnside found Swinton within his lines, arrested him, and ordered him to be shot before night. He had given Burnside offense by his publication a year or two before when I was in command. Meade reported this to me, and I ordered Swinton's release and expulsion from the lines, with a warning that he was not to be found within them again.

The *Century Magazine* has employed writers on every battle of the War. They are to appear in a series, commencing next January 7th. Shiloh, therefore, will not probably appear before next July, and the others much later. I intend, however, now that I have commenced it, to go on and finish my connection with the War of the Rebellion, whether I publish it or not. If it pleases me when completed, I probably will publish it.

Very truly yours,  
U. S. GRANT.

XV.

Long and anxious were those months when the great warrior was battling with death. From every pulpit and from



HERMANN H. KOHLSAAT.

every fireside were offered up prayers that he might conquer his insidious foe ; and from every heart went out to the sufferer love and tenderest sympathy. In that last desperate struggle, as in no other crisis of his life, was "Grant the hero" supremely revealed. But neither his own fortitude nor the prayers of mankind could save him.

When the news came to Galena that Grant was no more, the shadow of a deep affliction darkened many homes. Flags were floated at half-mast, bells were tolled, and a call was issued by the mayor for a meeting of citizens, that formal expression might be given to their sense of bereavement. These folk mourned not as the world mourned ; to them it was not Grant the great resistless soldier who was dead, nor Grant the statesman ; it was Grant the citizen,—Grant the gentle, gracious, sympathetic man. No other community had known him as they had known him ; nowhere else was sorrow so profound.

Crowning a grassy knoll in a spacious park richly adorned with beautiful flowers, sparkling fountains and stately old trees is a heroic bronze statue of Ulysses

S. Grant,—a gift from Hermann H. Kohlsaas, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, who was reared here, and who witnessed the General's return home in 1865. The sculptor, James Gelert, of Chicago, did his work with rare fidelity. The statue is remarkable in conception and perfect in modeling. The hero is represented as he was wont to appear here—a plain citizen. The figure stands upon a broad pedestal; it faces the west. The attitude is easy and characteristic. There are several bas-reliefs in bronze; one of these represents Lee's surrender to Grant. On the cornice are chiseled these words:

GRANT OUR CITIZEN.

With pomp and circumstance this magnificent memorial was unveiled June 3, 1892, Chauncey M. Depew delivering a masterly address on the occasion.



THE GRANT STATUE AT GALENA.

On each recurring anniversary of his birth, Galena pays tender tribute to the memory of Grant. The Grant Birthday Association was organized two years ago, and every citizen of the town is a member of it. On these fete days many people journey hither, business is suspended, flags are unfurled, various societies march through the streets, and some distinguished public man pronounces a eulogy on the illustrious dead. The celebration this year was of exceptional interest, there being unveiled a great historical painting by Thomas Nast, reproducing with striking effect the momentous scene of the surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. This picture is entitled "Peace in Union." It was presented to Galena by Mr. Kohlsaas. The canvas is nine by twelve feet. It hangs in the public library room in the government building.

With clasped hands and earnest faces the protagonists of the mighty conflict are portrayed. Behind the Confederate chieftain stands Colonel Charles Marshall, one of his staff, and Colonel Orville E. Babcock, the Federal staff officer deputed by his commander to act as General Lee's personal escort to the place of meeting. Behind and beside General Grant stand Major-Generals Philip H. Sheridan, E. O. C. Ord and Seth Williams, Brevet Major-General Rufus Ingalls, Brigadier-General John A. Rawlins, chief of staff, and Colonels Horace Porter, Ely S. Parker, Theodore S. Bowers and Adam Badeau. The arrangement of the figures in the low-ceiled room of the McLean homestead brings into strong relief the two leaders, whose appearance bears out to the letter General Grant's own description of the event:

"General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the state of Virginia; at all



events it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form."

Thomas Nast did this great work in his studio at Morristown, New Jersey. Mr. Nast had enjoyed the friendship of Grant, and he traced with tender, loving brush the sturdy frame that for so many weary months was the chief support of the Nation. By those who are competent to judge, the painting is pronounced historically correct. The artist had the use

of a contemporaneous portrait of Grant and of articles of clothing worn by the victor on the historic occasion. Colonel Frederick D. Grant, General Horace Porter and Colonels Ely S. Parker and Charles Marshall visited the studio frequently, and offered valuable suggestions. The picture was finished April 9, 1895, the thirtieth anniversary of the surrender.

The name of Galena is linked indissolubly with the name of Grant. It will abide, immortal, in the hearts of men. This is indeed sacred ground,—consecrated forevermore to the memory of one of the bravest, sweetest, choicest souls that ever fought for a great cause.

## REINCARNATE.

A STRANGE, mysterious tenderness—  
Not like the love that lovers know  
Who dare to touch in fond caress  
The sharers of their blessedness—  
Not this—ah, no!—

Fills all my soul when your sweet eyes  
As blue as larkspurs drenched in dew—  
Blue as the cloudless summer skies—  
Meet mine in sudden, mute surprise  
When I tell you—

That long ago, in years gone by,  
When life was young and love was near,  
Those azure-tinted eyes of thine  
Looked shyly, fondly into mine.—  
You doubt me, dear?

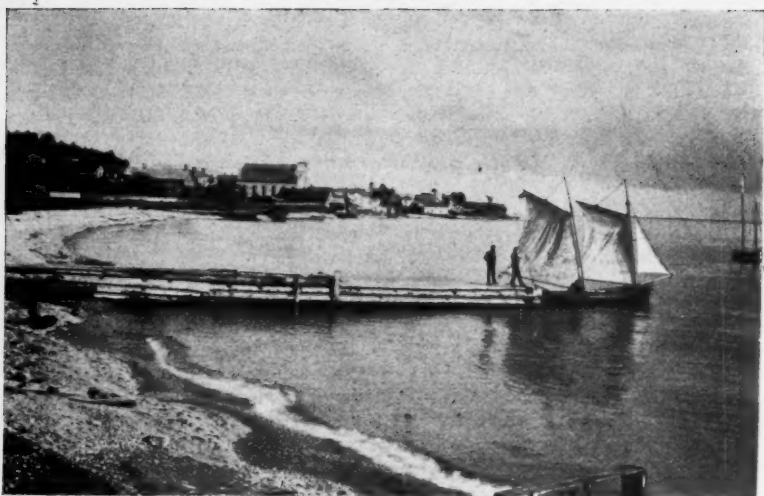
To solve the riddle, maiden fair,  
One does not need a magic key;  
She whom I loved with love so rare,  
Whose beauty was beyond compare—  
Sweet memory!—

Was, little friend, your counterpart—  
Your mother whom I used to know,  
And who, although I won her heart,  
From my life drifted far apart  
Long years ago!

DAYTON, OHIO.

*Eva Best.*





OLD MISSION CHURCH AND HARBOR BEACH.

## THE ISLAND OF MACKINAC.\*

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

WHOEVER is fortunate enough, as I was, to see Mackinac Island for the first time at sunset, from the water, will never forget it. There will always thereafter be a beautiful picture hanging on memory's wall.

On the first part of our trip up Lake Michigan there had been a gale that would have done credit to the Atlantic, and some who felt sure, from the rolling and pitching of the steamer, that they were never to see land again, had sought the solitude of their cabins in the weariness of the reaction that comes after a day of seasickness and excitement. I was one of these. I had been asleep, and was just waking from a bit of restful dreaming when my friend put his head in at the cabin door to say:

"If you want to see something beautiful, come on deck."

I obeyed him. And I indeed saw "something beautiful."

Our boat had touched at Mackinaw City, a thriving town lying at the extreme northern point of the peninsula of Michigan, and was therefore headed due north for Mackinac Island. The west was bright with the beauty of a cloudless northern sunset, which is a blending of soft rose tints and palest amber in a color that has no name. Against this background stood out, with all the sharpness of a silhouette, the wooded crests of the island. At their feet, following the curve of the little harbor, lay the village with its strange mixture of the old and new. And just above it, on the brow of the crest, the white walls of Fort Mackinac showed against the green pines which cluster in its rear, and above the fort floated the stars and stripes, against the yellow-rose of the sunset sky.

\* Awarded the prize for the "Best Descriptive Paper" in THE MIDLAND competition which closed June 30th. Its author is a resident of Shiocton, Wis.



THE GRAND HOTEL, MACKINAC.

It was like a dream, or a vision born of a dream. Its spell awed us into silence, under which the beating of the great engine alone was heard. Suddenly there was a boom that startled us like "thunder out of a clear sky," and above the ramparts of the old fort a puff of smoke curled lazily in the air. "Ah, the sunset gun!" we cried, remembering, then, that we had been told a gun was always fired at the sunset hour.

Such were my first impressions of Mackinac.

The island is situated in the Straits of Mackinac, at about their narrowest part. It contains two thousand two hundred and twenty-one acres, of which one thousand acres are in the National Park, which belongs to the United States;\* one hundred acres are in a military reservation, and the balance is made up of private claims.

The base of the island is limestone rock, identical with the lower division of the Helderberg series, while the higher parts of it contain fossiliferous matter

\*Since this article was written, the United States government has decided to abandon the island as a station of defense, and that portion of it belonging to the government has been ceded to the State of Michigan. It will be held as a State Park.

similar to that found in the Upper Helderberg system. The rocks prove undeniably to the geologist one of two things: that ages ago water either stood two hundred and fifty feet above the present level of the lakes, or this island occupies its present lofty position as the result of some tremendous upheaval of nature.

One of the principal objects of interest to the visitor is the old fort. There are two ways of reaching it from the village at its foot: by a road which winds about the bluff on which it is situated and which approaches the top by easy gradations, or a "short cut" up the steps which have been built into the side of the bluff. The climb is a long one, and you will be pretty well out of breath before you reach the level of the fort; but there are seats here and there along the stairs, for one to rest in, and you will be wise if you take advantage of them, and make a leisurely ascent.

On reaching the fort, your attention will at once be drawn to the old block-house which was built in 1780-82, by British troops. Farther on, you come to the officers' quarters, built in 1876. There is another set of quarters, built in 1835, near another old block-house, whose up-

per story is now occupied by a tank into which water is pumped from a spring near by. From this place water is taken by pipes to all the buildings in the fort.

On the right is an old building formerly used as a hospital, about which Indian ghosts are said to gather in the "dead hours of the night." Tradition has it that in times of peace, years ago, there was a surgeon of enterprising and inquiring mind who used his scapel with deadly effect on poor "Lo," for the gratification of his own curiosity and the advancement of science, and the spirits of the victims of his ambitious research still haunt the scene of their untimely taking-off.

The barracks were built in 1859. They are two stories in height. A company of soldiers occupies each floor, with mess-room and other necessary conveniences of army life, which are kept in a condition of neatness that would do credit to any housewife. Grouped about here and there are the guard-house, the office and store-house of the commissary of subsistence, the office of the commanding officer and adjutant, and the quartermaster's office. Next to the latter is a bath-house, which the soldiers are required to make use of with religious regularity.

From the gun-platform,—where cannon keep constant guard over, and watch of, the peaceful straits,—one gets a magnificent view of the town and the waters between the island and the mainland. Immediately below us, at the foot of the bluff, are located the government stables, blacksmith shops, and granary. Beyond them are the garrison gardens. Looking out across the straits to the south, we see the hazy shores of Michigan in the distance, with here and there a little island dotting the blue expanse of water. You can hardly look in any direction, at any time, without seeing the smoke of vessels headed for the island, or leaving it, or those engaged in through lake traffic, which do not touch at this point as they go through the straits. The boats that stop here are generally the large steamers carrying passengers, and freight

of the perishable class, which demands expeditious delivery. To the left, four or five miles away, the smoke of the mills and manufactories at St. Ignace darken the horizon. St. Ignace is on the mainland of Northern Michigan, and from this point communication can be had with the outside world by a railroad running south and west through Michigan and Wisconsin, and north to Sault St. Marie. If more direct communication is desired, one can cross to Mackinaw City, thirteen miles to the south. This place is the northern terminus of several roads running through the vast lumber regions of the upper portion of the Michigan peninsula. St. Ignace is a town of considerable importance, being on the mainland and a railroad point. In winter an ice-boat, capable of cutting its way through ice several feet in thickness, makes regular trips between it and Mackinaw City. This boat is large enough to take on loaded cars, which are transferred to the various roads terminating at Mackinaw City. Mackinac Island is dependent on St. Ignace to a great extent in winter for all the necessities of life, but in summer it asks no odds of its less picturesque neighbor, which seems dull and insignificant compared with the life and gaiety which make Mackinac Island one of the most delightful of our northern resorts. If you visit this place, be sure to take a trip to St. Ignace, to see the beautiful monument erected to Pere Marquette, who is buried there.

The village, as looked down upon from the fort, shows a line of ancient and modern houses built mostly on one side of a street that closely hugs the shore line of the harbor. The Grand Hotel, with its hundreds of rooms and "all modern conveniences" contrasts sharply with the old, weather-beaten, tumble-down houses only a stone's throw away. This is the most pretentious public building on the island. Here wealth and fashion reign supreme during the brief season of summer pleasure. It is magnificently furnished, and makes a brave show, but it lacks the quiet, homelike atmosphere

which characterizes some of the other hostelrys of the place, where people congregate who have come hither in search of rest. One of the most delightful places for the rest-seeking pilgrim to "put up at" is the Old Mission House. There is a charm about its time-stained walls and lichen roof which suggests a bit of old-world life, where everything is peaceful and quiet, and removed from the bustle and rush and "style" which characterize the great hotel at the other end of the town. In it you feel you are part of the life of a by-gone day. You wander through its old garden and at every turn you fancy you are going to meet some adventurer who sought this out-of-the-way place years before you were born, or, perhaps, some pale-faced priest who came hither to tell the Indian of the Christ. It is a place to dream in, as well as to rest in. But if you come for gaiety and fashionable pleasures, go to the Grand Hotel, with its electric lights, its elevators, its velvet carpets and elaborate furniture, its excellent cuisine, its "celebrated orchestra" which discourses sweet music every afternoon and evening in the pavilion on the lawn,—which is itself a glimpse of fairy-land

Everything about the fort is a model of neatness and cleanliness. It would seem as if, in times of peace, there was little for the garrison to do but "tidy things up," but the show of war goes on in mimic fashion. Every day you see the blue-clad soldiers out on drill or parade; every day you hear the sound of fife and drum; and day and night the sentry paces up and down the ramparts, with his gun upon his shoulder, polished to the last degree of brightness. During the greater part of the season you will hear the sharp crack of rifles from somewhere beyond the fort and, if you are imaginative, you can fancy the enemy has begun an attack. But a little investigation

will show you that the war-like sounds originate in harmless rifle-practice on the target-range. Soldiers are frequently sent here in summer, from other points, for rifle-practice, and occasionally the officers of the fort give a grand ball, at which visiting soldiers and visiting civilians meet, to the mutual pleasure of each class. A garrison ball is a great event in Mackinac Island life. The soldiers, weary of the routine of their life in peaceful times, welcome any change as a relief. The young lady visitor to the island has a romantic idea of military life, and sees in every trim young soldier a possible hero.

But the interest of the visitor to Mackinac Island will not be confined to the fort and its inmates. The scenery of the place is grand and beautiful, and varied in character.

If you go up the beach from the eastern end of town, one of the first points of in-



ROBERTSON'S FOLLY, MACKINAC ISLAND.

terest you will come to is "Robertson's Folly." This is a mighty projection of rock thrusting itself out through great masses of evergreen growth, from the higher level of the island. The place gets its name from a story which the old residents of Mackinac will tell you, and vouch for as true.

Robertson was an officer of the fort at the time of its occupancy by the British. One day, while strolling along the bluff beyond the fort, he saw before him a beautiful woman. He approached her. She turned and ran, looking back over her shoulder at the gallant captain, more in coquetry than in fear. He came quite near her, but all at once she vanished, near the edge of the cliff. He was bewildered by her sudden and mysterious disappearance. Where could she have gone? Long he sought, but could find no trace of her. He went back to the fort and told his story, and made diligent inquiries about the women of the island. No one knew of any who answered his description. There were but few, and these were

known to all the members of the garrison. No strange woman could be among them, for no boat had touched there for weeks. Next day he saw the beautiful mystery again. He spoke to her, and again she disappeared as mysteriously as before. Day after day the strange appearance and disappearance was repeated. He could think and talk of nothing else. He was laughed at by his companions for being in love with a creature of his own fancy. "The captain isn't just right in the upper story," some of them said. But he declared he had imagined nothing. One day he vowed to solve the mystery if it cost him his life. Tradition has it that that day he met her and implored her to speak to him. She retreated toward the edge of the bluff, smiling back upon the captain, who followed her. She seemed to pause upon the very verge of the abyss. He gave a great cry of fright, thinking she did not realize her dangerous position, and sprang to seize her and draw her back. She flung her arms about him, and with a wild, shrill laugh of triumph that can be heard even yet on stormy nights, if one takes the trouble to visit the spot, she plunged over the bluff, and her victim was hurled down to destruction on the rocks below. Next day they found his mangled body, but no trace could be found of the mysterious creature who had lured him to his death. Some persons who are utterly lacking in reverence for the romantic will tell you that the captain's delusion grew out of too great indulgence in strong old French brandy, but you are under no obligation to believe such a story.

Fairy Arch is a great mass of stone through which wind or wave, or both, have worn an opening of considerable size, high up in the cliff. Maiden Arch is somewhat similar, but more accessible. It affords the geologist an excellent opportunity for studying the formation of rock which prevails here. Arch Rock is a wonderful piece of nature's handiwork. Looking through it, from the bluff of which it is part, one sees the blue waters



ARCH ROCK. MACKINAC.





MACKINAC ISLAND — BRITISH LANDING.

of the straits flashing in the sun from a point above the tops of the highest trees. If you creep out on the arch and peer over, you shiver at the dizzy prospect below. Lover's Leap is something like Robertson's Folly, only on a grander scale. It takes its name from an old Indian legend which has the merit of being poetical if not truthful.

On the northern point of the island is Early's Farm, one of the most quiet and peaceful spots imaginable to-day, but here, in 1814, a battle was fought between the forces of the United States and Great Britain. Near by is British Landing, where the troops of the king gained entrance to the island the day before the bloody encounter took place.

In those days the present fort was not the chief defense of the island. On the highest ground were rudely constructed breastworks and wood-and-earth defenses known as Fort Holmes. Here may still be seen the pits and embankments of that long-ago time, overgrown with grass and bushes, but still clearly outlined in the space from which all trees were cut away when the fort was built, and which is like an open field to-day. Here is a "look-out" from which a view of the entire island can be obtained.

One of the most striking objects to be seen on the island is Sugar-Loaf Rock. This is a gigantic formation of limestone on nearly the highest portion of the island. About it is the great forest, like a sea, and above the green billows of the towering trees it lifts its mighty crest like a great rock in mid-ocean. Standing at its base and looking up at it, one does not fully comprehend its great magnitude. But climb the look-out on old Fort Holmes and look down upon the forest below; through it the rock rises far above the tall maples and beeches. It has a dignity and grandeur that makes the sight of it in the midst of a forest one of sublimity and impressiveness that can never be forgotten. It lifts its head so far above the trees that they shrink into insignificance and seem but shrubs at its feet. It has been crumbling away for ages. Its base is a mound of *debris* fallen from its sides, gathered there until the ground all about it is covered to an unknown depth. Majestic as it now is, it must have been a vastly more impressive object centuries ago, before ruthless Time had begun to destroy it.

Other interesting points to visit are Scott's Cave, Ruggles' Pillar, Devil's Kitchen, Donan's Obelisk, Chimney

Rock, Skull Cave and Pontiac's Lookout. The National Park is threaded in all directions with roads which it is a delight to drive and ride over, and all points of interest are easily reached from them. In the village comfortable and stylish turn-outs can be procured, with careful and intelligent drivers, that can be engaged by the hour, or the day, at a reasonable price.

Near old Fort Holmes is the Military Cemetery, and just across the road from it is the Catholic cemetery where French soldiers and Indian converts to the Catholic faith are buried side by side. A short distance west of the village, near Pontiac's Lookout, is the old Indian burying-ground, with its strange mounds which examination has shown to be each a common grave for those who are supposed to have met death from battle or disease in such numbers, and so suddenly, that general burial was made necessary.

Boating is one of the principal amusements of the summer visitor. Sail-boats of all kinds, skiffs, canoes and row-boats

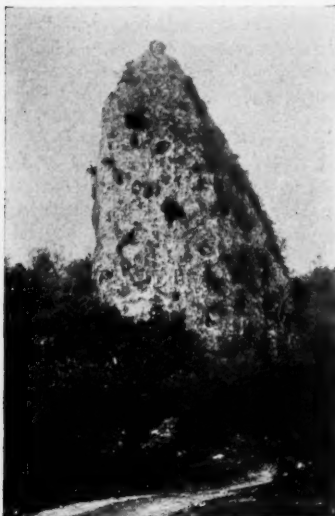
are everywhere seen. Steam yachts and trim little steamers are always making excursions to St. Ignace, Mackinaw City, or some of the out-lying islands. One of the favorite ways of spending the day is to charter one of these boats and visit Round or Bois Blanc Islands, for fishing or for a picnic dinner. The lover of piscatorial sport will find himself in fisherman's paradise here, for the waters abound with lake herring, lake trout, white-fish, muskallonge, pike, rock bass, white bass, yellow perch, and the great lake sturgeon. Bathing is not indulged in to any great extent because the water is too cold for comfort. The average temperature of the water during July is 56° Fahrenheit; during August, 60°. The middle of the day is warm and summer-like, but after 3 o'clock one finds an overcoat or shawl very comfortable when out of doors. The yearly average of temperature for July and August is about 75° from 10 to 3 o'clock.

The mean surface of the water in the Straits of Mackinac is 581 feet above mean tide at New York. There is a variation of about five feet in the height of water in the straits. The greatest depth of water on the bar between Mackinac and Round Island is forty feet; between Round and Bois Blanc Islands, sixteen feet; between Bois Blanc Islands and the Michigan Peninsula, eighty-four feet; between Mackinac Island and St. Ignace, two hundred and ten feet. The greatest depth of water in the straits is at a point between St. Ignace and Mackinaw City, where it is two hundred and fifty-two feet.

The following table gives the height of places of interest mentioned above the mean surface of the water in the straits:

Fort Mackinac, parade-ground.....	133 feet
Fort Mackinac, highest gun-platform.....	161 feet
Fort Holmes, look-out .....	336 feet
Top of Sugar-Loaf Rock.....	285 feet
Top of Chimney Rock.....	135 feet
Robertson's Folly.....	128 feet
Arch Rock.....	150 feet
Lover's Leap .....	145 feet
Upper plateau of island.....	296 feet

One of the most interesting things to see in the village is an old house which is



SUGAR-LOAF ROCK, MACKINAC.



said to have been built by those connected with the Great Northwest Fur Company, when it first occupied the island as a winter trading-post. It is a venerable-looking building, now fast falling into decay. In one of the village stores they will show you John Jacob Astor's "safe," in which the funds of the Fur Company were kept. It bears little likeness to the safe of to-day, being simply a great iron box, with a padlocked door. In the days when it was in use, professional burglars must have been unknown. Our modern knight of the jimmy would think it beneath his dignity to waste time on such a "strong box" as this.

Mackinac Island has of late years become a favorite summer home for wealthy residents of Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee and other western cities. The government has not sold building sites to anyone, but it has leased them at nominal rates for a term of years. The bluffs overlooking the town, east and west from the fort, are now thickly dotted with houses, some of them very ornate and expensive, others built more for comfort than for style.

There are over seventy of these delightful summer homes built along the bluff, and the social atmosphere that prevails

in this locality is enjoyable. Many families bring with them a full complement of servants, and "keep house" exactly as in their city home. Others bring but two or three servants, and take their meals at a club-house. There are several houses of this kind on the bluffs, conducted in a style to suit the most exacting taste and appetite.

From 3 o'clock to sundown everyone is out of doors. The one street of the village is gay with promenaders, among whom one sees everywhere the blue uniforms of soldiers from the fort on the hill. The drive along the bluff is alive with turnouts. The wharves are crowded with people, for boats arrive about this time of day from Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago. All is bustle and excitement at this hour.

One day we heard that a soldier who had been given an honorable discharge from the army was going away by the afternoon boat, and they told us we ought to see the parting of the man with his old comrades. We went down to the wharf at an early hour, and waited. By and by we heard the sound of fife and drum from the fort on the hill, and presently we saw the soldiers marching out in squads, the afternoon sun flashing on



PONTIAC'S LOOKOUT, MACKINAC.

their guns and the bright trimmings of their uniforms. They came down the steep road to the village street and on to the wharf, while the fife shrilled out some patriotic air and the drum beat the time for marching feet. Their old comrade marched with them, but he seemed no longer of them. When they reached the wharf, arms were stacked, and then good-byes were said. The poor fellow who was leaving army life forever seemed to feel as if he were about to lose his last friend. His eyes would fill with tears as his comrades gave the parting hand-shake, and he could not speak. When the steamer's whistle gave notice of departure, the soldiers suddenly formed in two lines and, as their old comrade passed through, each one gave a parting salute. The man walked by faith rather than sight, for tears blinded him. He

turned as soon as he reached the deck of the boat and faced his comrades, and I fancied from the look in his face that at the last moment he would willingly have given up his plans for the future and come back to the old life, which he had doubtless been eager to leave. The bell rang, the steamer was let loose from its moorings, and then, at a signal from the officer in command, the soldiers raised their guns and fired a volley in honor of their departing comrade. The man upon the deck dropped his head and hid his face in his hands, and then the boat swung away from us and we saw him no more.

If you are tired of the fashionable "watering-place" and the stereotyped modern "resort" and want to find a place that is unique, picturesque, healthful and altogether delightful, visit the Island of Mackinac.



## THE BOATS.

TO and fro  
 The white-caps go—  
     Sea-gulls are a-flying—  
 From across the water low  
     Come the breakers, crying;  
 And the waves that ebb and flow,—  
     Sighing, sighing, sighing.

Up the bay,  
 And through the gray  
     Mist the storm is bringing,  
 One by one they make their way,  
     Like swift sea-birds, winging;  
 And their crews debark to-day,  
     Singing, singing, singing.

WAYNESBORO, VA.

*Frank H. Sweet.*



"When fruitful Autumn came."

## SONGS IN SEASON.

*WITH the first breath of Spring,  
With the first blue-bird's wing,  
Delight, in Life's employ,  
Sang loud a song of joy.*

*When Summer, crowned with flowers,  
Reigned through glad days and hours,  
Rapture sang thrilling song,  
Nor deemed the time too long.*

*When fruitful Autumn came  
Fulfilling Summer's aim,  
Amid her garlands, lent,  
Ease sang of sweet content.*

*And when wild Winter rose,  
Hope, struggling through the snows,  
Paused on a southern slope  
And sang a song of hope.*

CHICAGO.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

## MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES.

### XI. THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

BY GENERAL R. W. JOHNSON, U. S. A.  
Commanding a Division at Chickamauga.

NO ONE can write the history of this battle from personal knowledge, for no one saw any considerable portion of the field during the engagement, nor witnessed the movements of many of the organizations in that bloody contest. The battle was fought in the woods, and the heavy foliage and dense undergrowth made it impossible for regimental commanders to see both flanks of their regiments. A division commander could have no personal knowledge of the operations of his command, and had to rely upon the reports of his subordinate commanders, which were often not wholly reliable, because of the difficulty of ascertaining the exact truth. All that can be

expected is a report of the individual observations of the several commanders, and then these reports cannot be reconciled and woven into a connected and correct historical account.

A well-written article in the April number of the *Cosmopolitan*, by Judge Albion W. Tourg  e, who, in the battle of Chickamauga was a member of Reynolds' division, is undoubtedly correct from his point of view, but to my certain knowledge some inaccuracies have been embodied in his narrative, and some of these I hope to point out before I close.

The Confederate General Bragg evacuated Chattanooga because he could not hold it against an enemy in possession of the commanding hills on the north side of the Tennessee River. When he withdrew, the Union General Rosecrans seemed to believe that the withdrawal was, in effect, as substantial a success for him and his army as a victory gained by battle; that the Confederates would retreat far to the southward before hazarding another stand, and that to gather and secure the fruits of his successful man  uvres it was his duty to cross his army to the south bank of the Tennessee River and order the various parts to move out in all directions, like the spokes of a wheel, and in this way rapidly cover the abandoned territory.

This movement was ordered and continued till General McCook's corps, in which I commanded a division, reached Alpine, Georgia, when the extreme right and left flanks of our army were fully forty miles apart. Surely, had Bragg known the scattered condition of the Federal forces, he, with an army well in hand, would have attacked and defeated them in detail, and thus destroyed our magnificent army.



GENERAL R. W. JOHNSON, U. S. A.

Finally it dawned upon Rosecrans that Bragg, reinforced by Longstreet's corps from Virginia, did not propose to abandon the country without giving battle. To encounter him successfully it was necessary for Rosecrans to concentrate his army.

Accordingly, McCook was ordered to close to the left with all possible dispatch. This movement began at once, and on the night of September 18, 1863, the corps encamped some fifteen miles from Crawfish Springs. At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the march was resumed with my division, consisting of three brigades, 4,200 strong, in advance.

On my arrival at the Springs, about 8 A. M., I met General Rosecrans. He ordered me to detach my division and move as rapidly as possible and report to General Thomas. At that time the battle was on, and the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry told plainly that Thomas was heavily pressed. When I reached him he said: "Your arrival is opportune; form your line here and move forward." I deployed the brigades of Willich and Baldwin, and held Dodge's in reserve. As soon as the line was formed, knapsacks and other encumbrances were laid aside and the movement to the front began. Soon we came to some troops lying on the ground. On inquiry I found them to belong to Hazen's brigade, and that they were out of ammunition. A short distance in front of these we encountered the enemy in force, and a desperate battle ensued. The Confederate line was driven back about a mile, with great loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. We also captured seven pieces of artillery. Darkness came on and all was quiet for a short time, but we were not allowed to remain so long.

The enemy under General Pat Cleburne rallied his shattered forces for a final charge. I do not remember to have passed through a more stubborn or deadly conflict than this one, precipitated after dark, when it was impossible to recognize friend from foe. The firing was so heavy that General Baird, whose



GENERAL ABSOLAM BAIRD.

division was not far away, came to my assistance with two of his brigades, and soon thereafter the enemy was repulsed. Judge Tourgée refers to this engagement in these words: "After dark there came from away upon the left the most terrible outburst of musketry, cut now and then with the roar of cannon, we had ever heard. We could only see the flashes as they lighted up the clouds above, but it seemed a thousand times worse than a fight by day, as we sat in the murky darkness and wondered how it fared with friend and foe. This night battle raged for more than an hour, and then ceased as suddenly as it began." The enemy having been driven from the field, quiet was once more restored.

Among the many who were killed in this night fight was that gallant soldier, Colonel P. P. Baldwin, of the Sixth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, one of the brigade commanders, and he was succeeded by Colonel W. W. Berry, of the Fifth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, a tried and true soldier. A short time after the repulse of Cleburne's command, General Thomas ordered me to fall back and take up a position on a line selected by him

from which to operate on the following day. In this line, so far as known to me, the formation of divisions were: Baird's on my left, Palmer's on my right, and Reynolds' on his right. I formed my front line with Dodge's and Berry's brigades, and held Willich's in reserve. Here, without food or water, the tired, jaded men lay on their arms during the night.

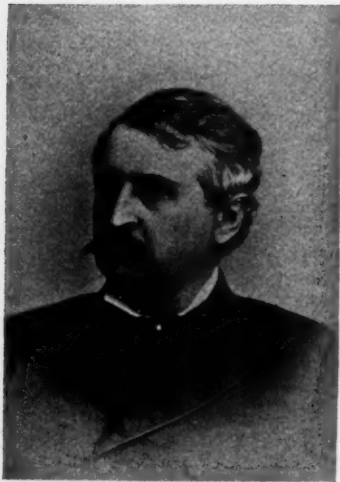
As soon as it was light enough to see, on the morning of the 20th, Dodge and Berry fortified their fronts by felling trees and using such materials as were at hand. We confidently expected to be attacked at daylight, but General Polk, who was in our front, very considerably waited till about 10 o'clock, and by that hour we were prepared to give his troops a warm reception. Repeatedly he massed his columns, and hurled them against the Federal line, only to reel, stagger, and fall back, leaving their killed and wounded.

On the afternoon of the 20th, heavy firing was heard on our right and rear, on what was known as Snodgrass Hill. Palmer, recognizing the fact that if Thomas, who was there in person, was defeated, we would have the enemy both

in front and rear, proposed that we should send our reserve brigades to that point. To this I readily assented and ordered Willich to proceed with his brigade and report to Thomas. Thomas told me subsequently that the timely arrival of those two brigades contributed largely to the defeat and dispersion of the enemy.

About 4 o'clock I received an order from General Thomas to fall back to Rossville. The movement was to begin at 5 o'clock, with Reynolds; Palmer was to follow; I was to follow Palmer, and Baird was to follow me. When I received the order my division was resisting a determined assault, and I directed the staff officer to return to General Thomas and explain to him that a retreat under the circumstances would prove most disastrous. In a short time he returned with a message from the General authorizing me to exercise my own discretion in the matter. Unfortunately the divisions on my right were not ordered to remain. Just how and when they withdrew I have never known. They could have been gone only a short time before I discovered a line of the enemy, perpendicular to my own, crossing the field in my rear. I was on the south side of the field, and on foot, having but a short time before sent a wounded officer to the rear on my horse. I sent staff officers at once to order the division to move by the left flank and remain in the timber till they had passed around the field and reached the northeast corner thereof. When I reached the timber on the east side of the field, I secured another horse. Here I met General Thomas, who was dismounted, feeding his horse on corn obtained from a neighboring field. I told him of the near approach of the enemy, and he was not long in changing the location of his headquarters.

Owing to the suddenness of the withdrawal of my division from the line it had held for twenty hours, there was some confusion, but before reaching Rossville order had been restored, and we entered town in good shape, about 10 o'clock P. M.



COLONEL W. W. BERRY,  
Fifth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.





Willich, who had been ordered to Snodgrass Hill, was ordered by Thomas to coöperate with Reynolds in bringing up the rear, and he claims in his report that his brigade constituted the rear guard of all the troops that fell back on that line.

Judge Tourgée was a member of Reynolds' division, and when he asserts that it fought on Snodgrass Hill, I cannot dispute it, but for more than thirty years I have rested in the belief that he was in the line on the right of Palmer. In his admirable article Judge Tourgée says: "The woods in rear of our line were full of moving columns; regiments and brigades, going they knew not where, by roads it was almost impossible to follow. Sheridan and Davis, Johnson and Van Cleve, Negley and Crittenden, marched and countermarched through the baffling umbrage, following now a fancied path, now misled by the trend of a hill, going to the left with no knowledge of where the left was, rushing to the right with only the roar of battle for guide."

Now, if this reference was to me alone, I would let it pass; but I owe it to the memory of the gallant men who laid down their lives on that bloody field, and

I owe it to those who survived the fearful struggle, to enter my protest.

Johnson's division did no aimless marching or countermarching, and if any portion of his command was in the rear of Reynolds' division it was Willich's brigade on the retreat to Rossville.\*

Johnson's division held the position assigned to it by General Thomas on Saturday night till it withdrew Sunday evening at 5 o'clock, in compliance with his order.†

I regret that such a well-prepared article as that of Judge Tourgée should be marred by the great injustice done unintentionally to the brave troops I had the honor to command on that occasion.

The reports of the Federal and Confederate commanders, in my opinion, show that the battle of Chickamauga was fought without a plan on either side, and whatever success we may have achieved was due to the gallantry of the various divisions, brigades and regiments acting

\*Reference is made to the reports of Thomas and Willich, to be found in Rebellion Records, Series L, Volume XXX, Part 1; the former on page 254, the latter on page 541.

†See Baird's report in the same volume at page 279.



GENERAL J. J. REYNOLDS.

independently. When General Thomas succeeded to the command of the whole, our lines had been broken at many points and many of the troops were fleeing in all directions. The Twentieth and Twenty-first corps had been broken up by detaching divisions to various places on the field to support other commands or to operate independently. That General Thomas was able to accomplish what he did was due to his iron will and the confidence the men had in his courage and ability. Well may he be called "The Rock of Chickamauga."

It may be a matter of interest to some persons to know how this battle was precipitated. Colonel Dan McCook reported to General Thomas that there was a Confederate brigade on the west side of Chickamauga Creek; that the bridges had all been destroyed so that it could not join the main army, neither could it be reinforced.

Thomas sent Brannan with two brigades to capture it. It was but a short time before he called for reinforcements. Brigade after brigade was sent to him, till not only Thomas' corps, but all of Rosecrans' army was engaged. What McCook took for an abandoned brigade was Forest's division of cavalry holding the right of Bragg's army.

There is an interesting incident connected with this battle-field. Before the removal of the Cherokee Indians to the Indian Territory, many of them were encamped on the ground upon which this battle was fought. The cholera broke out among them and many died from the fearful scourge. After its disappearance the Indians named the stream Chickamauga, which signifies "The River of Death." Again it became the River of Death,—to over 12,000 Federals and as many Confederates,—on the 19th and 20th days of September, thirty-two years ago.



## A SOUTHERN BATTLE-FIELD.

FAIR is the landscape from this lofty hill;  
 So calm it is, so tranquil and serene,  
 No sign appears that this was once the scene  
 Of deadly strife. Yet many, living still,  
 Have seen the burning tide of battle thrill  
     These peaceful slopes. On yonder hillsides green,  
     And in the grassy vale that lies between,  
 Vast armies struggled with heroic will.

But kindly Time upon the scene has spread  
     A mantle all-concealing. Naught I see  
     That tells of strife. This spot, where armies bled,  
 Rejoices now in sweet tranquillity.  
 War's deluge passed, its fierce, ensanguined waves  
 Have left no scars—save yonder unknown graves.

GRUNDY CENTER.

*Walter Hall Jewett.*

## REMINISCENCES OF JOHN BROWN.

BY NARCISSA MACY SMITH.

THE deeds that men and women do, the principles for which they stand, the truths they utter, and the songs they sing, make for them a place in the hearts of the people.

When John Brown and his followers entered the quiet little village of Springdale, in the fall of '57, for a season of waiting, it was the voice of sympathy welling up from the hearts of her people, in the great cause of human liberty which bade them welcome. There never was a prophet or leader who believed himself divinely called, but had his garden into which he went for a deeper baptism of power and broader conception of the work before him. John Brown's Gethsemane was Springdale, and as he walked calmly in and out among her people, his great sympathetic heart was bearing the burden of the shackles of four million of slaves, as though bound with them, and whoever may have questioned his judgment, or the wisdom of his methods, none doubted but that he believed he was raised up by God to strike the death blow to human slavery.

That John Brown felt at home on reaching Springdale is evidenced by the immediate preparation he made for the restful sojourn. Even the gentle admonition of the plain, quiet Quaker folk, "Thou art welcome to tarry among us, but we have no use for thy guns," did not in the least disturb him, for with their words of loyal testimony came the sweet smile of benediction; and although they would beat his swords into plowshares and his spears into pruning-hooks, he well knew they would take every peaceable precaution that nothing should molest him.

John Brown's character was irreproachable. Many living witnesses testify to the fact that he was a total abstainer from all intoxicating liquors. He did not use tobacco in any form, and his language on

all occasions was pure and chaste, making his life a beautiful exemplification of the Scripture text, "As a man thinketh so is he." Henry D. Thoreau, an intimate friend of John Brown, in one of his published books says: "I have heard John Brown say that in his camp he permitted no profanity. No man of loose morals was suffered to remain there, unless, indeed, as a prisoner of war. I would rather have the small-pox, yellow-fever and cholera, all together, in my camp, than a man without principle." Thoreau further says: "John Brown went to the great university of the West, where he pursued the study of Liberty; and after taking many degrees he finally began the public practice of Humanity, in Kansas. Such were his humanities, and not any study of grammar; for he would have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, and righted up a falling man."

Springdale at that time represented Old and New England, Canada, New York, Ohio, Indiana, and other states, sections and countries; and the harmonious blending of character, through years of pioneer life, had brought forth a citizenship which, for intelligence and high moral standing was far in advance of the ordinary prairie village. With the mental activity and literary attainments of Brown's men, Realf, Kagi, Cook and Coppock,\* added to the large array of home talent, both men and women, it is no wonder that in the forum of debate that winter passed into local history as a memorable period.

The writer has in her possession the secretary's book of the Mock Legislature held during that sojourn, and it reads like a veritable Congressional or Legislative Record. That the public may see the range of thought and the varied questions

\* Commonly spelled "Coppoc."



JOHN BROWN'S SONS AT HOME.

which occupied their attention, I have taken the following from the minutes :

December 1, 1857.

The Governor—Emmor Rood—was informed that the House was ready to receive his message. Among his recommendations was one to build a turn-pike from Iowa City to Davenport through the capital of the State of Springdale.

Bill No. 1: To render operative the inalienable right of women to the elective franchise.

Realf gave notice of a bill to render null and void the Dred Scott decision in all the courts and jurisdiction of the State of Springdale.

Cook introduced a bill to make null and void the Fugitive Slave law of this State.

*Resolved*, That the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was in accordance with the true principles of our national government.

Bill No. 13: Relating to the banking system of the United States.



JOHN BROWN'S SONS AND A CABIN ON BROWN'S TRAIL.

Winn gave notice of his intention of offering a bill relative to the conduct of Commodore Paulding in the arrest of Walker.

The question of prohibition was discussed and it was decided that a prohibitory liquor law was both wise and practical.

A bill [introduced] for the establishment of a manual labor school.

Realf gave notice of his intention of speaking on the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law at next meeting.

A bill for the establishment of a college for classical, physiological and political education of women.

*Resolved*, That the law for the organization of the grand jury be and hereby is repealed.

*Resolved*, That John Brown is more justly entitled to the sympathy and honor of this nation than George Washington.

The political atmosphere at that time was not all serenity, in proof of which we give the following bit of unpublished



From Photo loaned by Edna M. Smalley.

THE HOME IN WHICH JOHN BROWN WINTERED HIS MEN, IN SPRINGDALE, IOWA.

Kagi gave notice of a bill to establish a militia and harmonial college in the State of Springdale.

*Resolved*, That we look with regret upon the position which the *New York Tribune* has taken in regard to the reelection of Stephen A. Douglas to the United States Senate.

A bill to appropriate 50,000 acres of land, to be divided into small farms for the benefit of fugitives from slavery.

history from the pen of Hon. William P. Wolf:

TIPTON, IOWA, April 10, 1895.

*Respected Friend*.—In answer to your request, I gladly add to your reminiscences an incident which came under my personal notice. It is the account of the effort at Iowa City to raise a force to go out to Springdale and capture John Brown, Kagi, Stephens and Coppock, together with about twelve or thirteen negroes, whom they were conveying to Canada and all of whom were stopping with the peo-



ple at Springdale. In the spring of '59 I had been getting law books to read from a certain firm in Iowa City, whose junior member was quite a rising young lawyer and republican politician, and who was extremely solicitous lest the sentiments and doings of John Brown should be charged up to the republican party, thereby convicting it of being composed of abolitionists; so that when I arrived at his office that morning, he seemed very much excited, and said he thought it the duty of the republican party to have Brown and his men arrested and punished, and the negroes sent back to their masters. He went out of the office with the apparent determination to see that this was done, and in the afternoon I learned that a squad was gathering at a saloon on the east side of the street, near the corner of University Square. I also learned from Craft Coast that Jerome and Duncan, editors of the *Iowa City Republican*, might want to see me, as I lived three miles northwest of Springdale and could carry a message for them. I went to their office and they stated that they were in communication with the officials of the C., R. I. & P. R'y at Davenport, in regard to getting a car for the purpose of transporting Brown's people to Chicago, and that they were awaiting an answer and desired me to wait till they received it, and carry it to Brown at Springdale. I waited until late in the afternoon, when they received an answer granting a certain box-car at West Liberty, which was to be loaded at night, without being billed, and pulled out under the direction of the officers at headquarters, as the agent at West Liberty was an intense pro-slavery man. Jerome and Duncan's office was in a building near the southeast corner of University Square, and they told me to inform John Brown that they would provide him with a room in the same building, where he could spend the night. I learned from Craft Coast that by telling the saloon crowd blood-curdling stories of how they would be waylaid in the woods, on their way to Springdale, he had so worked upon their fears that the uncertain courage they had imbibed soon slipped away, and they at the same time slipped out the back door, some saying they would return after attending to certain domestic labors. It is unnecessary to state that they did not return. I then took the permit of the Rock Island officials and started for Springdale. It was stated in the city that the opposition had sent a scout out on horseback to Springdale in the morning. When about two miles out, in the timber, I saw a horseman approaching at the other end

of a patch of brush that divided the wagon track, and who seemed desirous not to meet on the same track. When opposite, I crossed to his side, and in answer to my questions, he made evasive statements, the import of which I understood, and I said to him that I had an important communication that I must deliver that night, and that if he was a friend of John Brown's he would not deceive me. He asked if I had a letter. I replied that I had, and also something more important. He then said, "I guess you are all right. I am a friend of John Brown's. My name is Kagi, and John Brown has just passed by us." I then turned back with him and overtook Brown riding with a rag peddler in his wagon. He had a blanket over his head and shoulders, concealing his face, the rain then falling being a sufficient excuse therefor. I delivered the permit to him and told him of the efforts made in Iowa City to accomplish his arrest. He simply smiled and said "Ah!" I told him of the room prepared for him where he could overlook the saloon rendezvous. He replied that he and Kagi would occupy it and observe any further proceedings. My brother has a little book by Richmond in which it was stated that Realf and Kagi walked to Iowa City to get the permit, so you will see that mistake is herein corrected.

Yours truly,  
WM. P. WOLF.\*

John Brown's kindness of heart and strict integrity were shown in all the incidents of his daily life.

When he first arrived at Springdale, a gentleman seeing that his shoes were badly worn, purchased a new pair and gave them to him. He thanked the gentleman, and said, "My shoes are all right and if you are willing I will be glad to give them to one of my negroes who has none at all."

One day John Painter, an old resident and successful farmer, met John Brown and said to him, "I understand you wish to sell your mules, and I want to purchase one of them." Brown replied, "Yes, they are for sale, and I want to ask you how much you think they are worth." Painter said, "I think they ought to bring one hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece." Brown replied, "The mules

\*District Judge, Eighteenth district of Iowa.



are all right only for one thing, and that is they have the habit of occasionally kicking, and I don't think they are worth but one hundred dollars each." "Very well," said John Painter, "I will give you one hundred dollars for the one I want, and donate twenty-five dollars to the cause in which you are engaged."

It is refreshing after the lapse of years to give to the public this golden rule method of settlement of a business transaction between two honest men.

Although Springdale, strictly speaking, is a prairie village, hard by is the beautiful Cedar River with its clear crystal water, pebbly bottom and rocky banks lined on either side with a heavy growth of trees of great variety, with here and there a little stretch of scenery such as an artist would be glad to gaze upon and transfer to canvas. Nestled among the trees close to the by-road, leading to the timber, in a quiet sequestered spot stood the home of William Maxson, where John Brown and his men were welcome guests during their stay at Springdale. In this peaceful abode, the voices of friends, the birds in the trees, and the very air he breathed, betokened rest for the weary body, while his active, fertile brain was busy perfecting plans for the great deliverance.

In the spring of '59, when the time of departure came, having no further use for his mules and wagons, they were purchased by residents of Springdale. The wagon was the one made especially for his use by the Massachusetts Aid Society and sent to him at Iowa City in care of Doctor Bowen, the bill of lading for which is now in the Historical Society at that place. Moses Butler bought it of John Brown and soon after sold it to Gilbert P. Smith for seventy-five dollars in gold. It remained in use on the Smith farm for twenty years and was known as the John Brown wagon. At a general sale, in 1882, H. S. Fairall, of the Iowa City *Republican*, bought the wagon. He still retains it in his possession, though overtures from Massachusetts and Kansas have been made for its purchase.

When the day came for John Brown to take his final leave of Springdale, he rode on horseback from house to house — the deep mud making it impassable for a vehicle. He bade a tender farewell to friends whose kindness, sympathy and love had given him courage and strength, and, when in tenderness of spirit, grave fears were expressed for his future personal safety, he replied, "God will take care of me, and of the cause for which I am ready to die."

Methinks the heart of our immortal Lincoln beat with stronger pulsations, and his hand held with firmer grasp and guided with surer stroke the pen which traced the words of the Proclamation of Emancipation, because of the human sacrifice on Freedom's holy altar, at Harper's Ferry!

Iowa guarded well the lives of John Brown and his followers while their feet trod her soil, and she has sought on all possible occasions to do honor to the sons for their own sake, and as a tribute to the memory of their father.

The mountain home of John Brown's sons at Pasadena, California, situated on one of the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre range, two thousand feet above sea level, is the Mecca of tourists from all parts of our land, and no one has completed the round of places of special interest until this pilgrimage is made. Many readers of *THE MIDLAND* will remember with pleasure the kindly greeting of the elder brother, Owen Brown, who strikingly resembled his father, and who as host gave glad welcome to all who climbed the steep slopes to this cabin home, until he himself, putting aside the shackles of mortality, went higher still, through the gates ajar, into everlasting freedom.

The writer recalls with recurring delight, during the winter of '87 and '88, an interesting journey to the Brown sons' cabin. A narrow wagon road is cut winding up the mountain side, which to our right reaches almost perpendicular, high in air, while to our left we gaze into the abyss five hundred feet below, and

across the chasm, to range after range beyond. On and on we climb, our gentle horse seeming to know that danger lurks on either side. With steady, careful tread he slowly makes the ascent. Suddenly the road turns round a ledge in the mountain we have been circling, and we find ourselves on the crest of Brown's Peak. A party of tourists are just leaving in the opposite direction, down the foot trail to the valley below, where their teams are in waiting. We pass through the little garden and dooryard, noting the rude implements of husbandry, the out-door oven, and a few goats grazing near, when Owen Brown, who has just waved the party good-bye, turns to give us a friendly hand-shake and bids us enter the cabin. When he finds our old home was Springdale, he clasps our hands again, speaking tender words of appreciation for the kindness shown his father by her loyal citizens.

Looking about the room, the humble bed in one corner, piles of boxes in another, and everything showing the absence of woman's hands, I turned and said :

"Owen Brown, I see that thee has made one great mistake in thy life."

With a beaming smile he asked, "What is it, my friend?"

I replied, "Thee has never taken unto thyself a wife."

"Ah," said he, "true, true, true, my sister, and the sad thing about it is the mistake is irreparable."

We tarried a little while upon this pinnacle, breathing the pure air of heaven, with the mountains in the background towering high above, as if keeping watch over this humble home. Far below lay beautiful Pasadena, the crown of San Gabriel Valley, stretching away through orange groves and vineyards to the sea, where ships lay at anchor. I was awed with the grandeur of the scene before me, and the majesty of the power above me, and thrilled with tender memories of the past, and with the homage shown this spot by the multitude. Turning again to take a last look at the gray-bearded old man before me, I said in my heart, no people on the face of the globe pay higher tribute to true manhood and womanhood than do those of our own America.

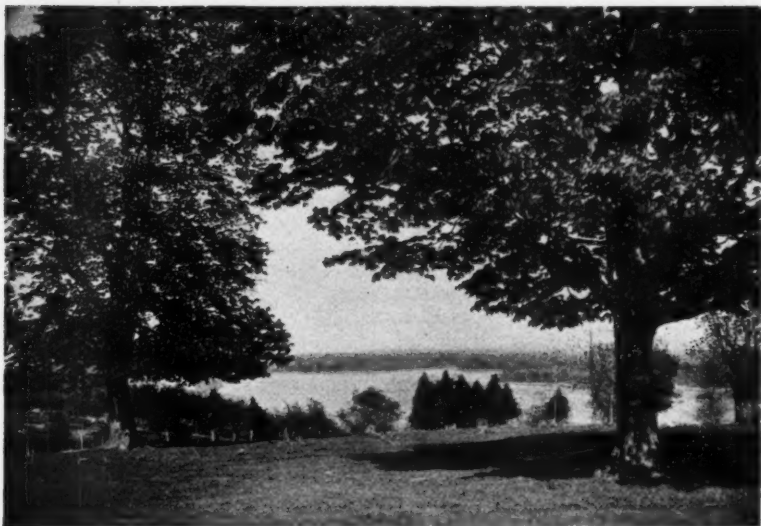
## SIERRA MADRE.

ENROBED in kingly purple thou dost stand  
 A snow-crowned monarch ; at thy feet the land  
 Stretches afar to meet the slumb'rous sea.  
 About thy whitened summits, flying free,  
 Are clouds that, 'gainst the blue of heaven displayed,  
 Like pennants float ; the mist-enwreathed cascade  
 Leaps from thy heights, its pure drops flinging wide,  
 And falling, mingles with the streams that glide  
 Through fruited groves and vineyards far below.  
 No whiter is thine own eternal snow  
 Than the sweet, drifted orange bloom that gleams  
 Upon the trees fed by thy mountain streams.  
 That granite breast of thine withstands the shocks  
 Of earthquakes, yet among thy piled rocks  
 Are tender flow'rs, that lend a blooming grace  
 To the stern grandeur of thy rugged face.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

*J. Torrey Connor.*

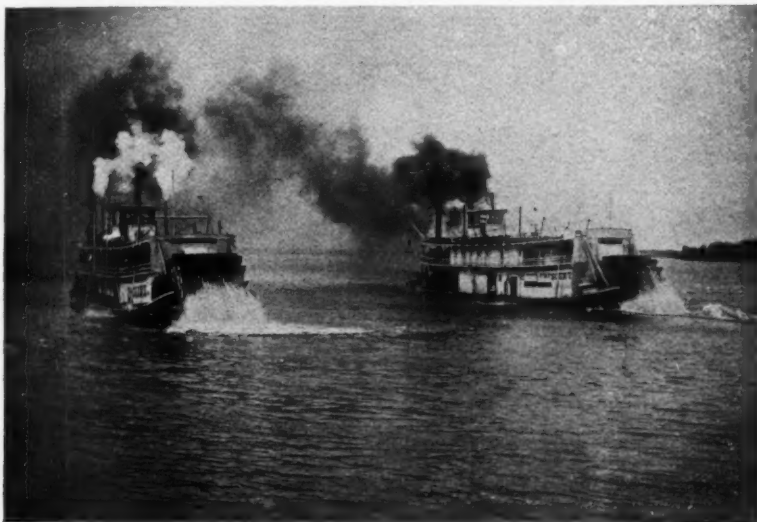
## FATHER OF WATERS.



"The hills  
Give back the murmurs of the stream and plain."

**S**MOKE of the wigwam, elk and soft-eyed deer,  
Fur in the North look down upon the rills  
Which, gathering for their mighty sweep, sing clear  
And soft the unfathomable Past. Then trills  
The woodbird to his mate, and then the mills—  
Grim city builders of the West—profane  
The wood with jangled harsh discord; the hills  
Give back the murmurs of the stream and plain.

More populous grow thy shores. King Traffic's fame  
Falls rude upon the ear—like fretting note—  
And mars thy peace with trailing foam and flame.  
Then bronzed sea-trafficers, where strange craft float,  
Catch up the sibilant accents of thy name  
And bear it on to silent shores remote.



BURLINGTON.

"King Traffic's fame  
Falls rude upon the ear—like fretting note—  
And mars thy peace with trailing foam and flame."

W. C. KENVON.

## IN AND ABOUT MEXICO.

### A VISIT TO PRESIDENT DIAZ.

BY IDA CHARLOTTE ROBERTS.

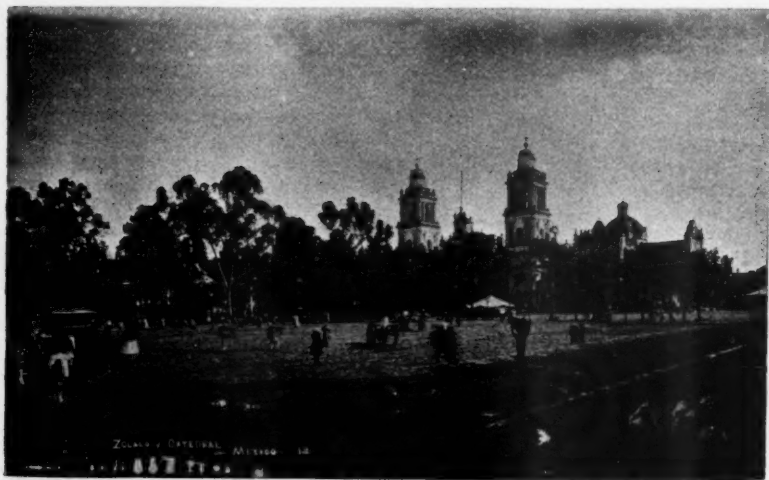
A VISIT to the chief executive of our own land is so easily accomplished and of such common occurrence that it is scarcely worth mentioning. All can see our President if they wish. Hence, we do not readily comprehend that in other republics the presidents are more exclusive than ours, and it is often with great difficulty that an interview is obtained.

A short time ago it was my good fortune to be in the City of Mexico. We had the usual offers from guides and interpreters to show us about the city, and after due consideration we decided to employ as our "Moses" to guide us through the wilderness of sights, a man who purported to be the son of the successor to the illustrious Santa Anna, and who said that he was Diaz's first interpreter, and also General Geronimo's. He showed us his father's picture among those of other presidents, and

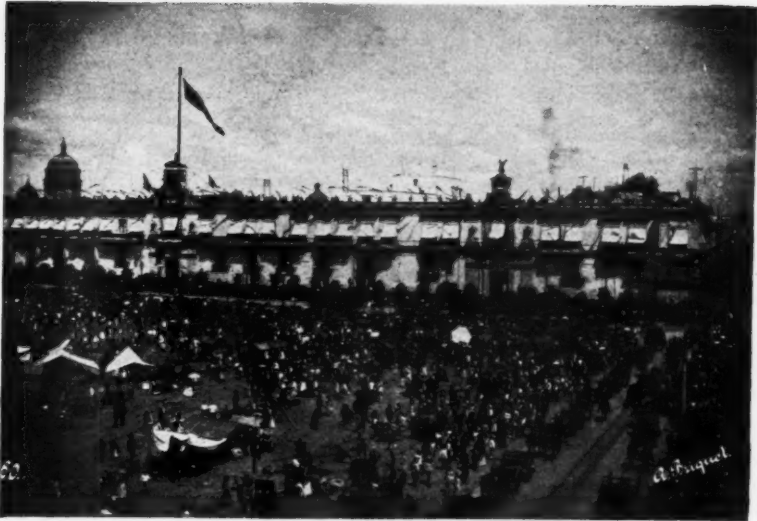
asked me if I saw any resemblance. Truth compelled me to say that the picture was so small I could not see the "family likeness." We felt it our duty, as we were paying for information, to believe everything he told us. Occasionally, while listening to his story of some miraculous thing that had happened, we were inclined to doubt, but we usually thought better of it and went on believing.

He promised to take us to call on President Diaz, who comes in from his Chapultepec residence on certain days and receives visitors for a short time at the National Palace.

Just after noon on a certain Friday we went to the palace and sent in our cards, and were asked by the servant if we had come on business, or, if not, then for what purpose, what titles we bore, etc. We had to confess that we were only private citizens. We were told to return at



SCENE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO—ZOCALO Y CATHEDRAL IN BACKGROUND.



A HOLIDAY SCENE.

The 1894 Celebration of the Anniversary of Mexican Independence, September 16, 1890.

4 o'clock. As we left the palace we met Colonel Priseiliamo M. Banibez, one of the President's staff, who told us if we would come at 5, he would be there and attend to us personally.

Like children who are invited to a party and are afraid they may be late, we arrived before the appointed time. We were shown into a long, narrow room, on the floor of which was a light Brussels carpet of a greenish color, and which was seated with immense, leather-covered chairs and sofas. I was informed that these, with the ones in the next room, were purchased in Chicago last year.

In this room were about thirty other people, all bent on the same errand. We sat there very demurely, looking at each other and wondering who would be chosen first to enter the august presence. After what seemed to be a long time—only about fifteen minutes—an attendant came to the door, from an inner apartment, and called the names of twelve or fifteen people, who, as they were named, filed into the next room. I never thought my name was specially euphonious, but

coming from the lips of the attendant and sounding through the spacious apartment, it had a highly pleasing sound that I had never noted before. The fact that the majority of those present waited in vain to hear their names gave us an indescribable feeling of superiority. The second degree was much like the first, only all of those in the room were congressmen or generals, excepting ourselves. Among them was Benito Juarez, son of the illustrious and much-loved President Juarez, whose monument is in a little plaza in the city, and for whom the city of Juarez was named. We were introduced to him and he conversed very pleasantly with us, speaking English fluently.

After a long wait our party was summoned by the attendant into another room to take the third degree. In this room was the Colonel, dressed in full uniform. He wrote on a card, giving the card to the guide for me, stating that Col. Priseiliamo M. Banibez kissed the feet of Miss Roberts and had the honor to be at her service. This was a little surprising, but I learned that "kissing the

feet" was equivalent to our "presents compliments" and is so commonly used that only the abbreviation b. l. p. is necessary. Our conversation with the Colonel was very limited, as he knew no English and our Spanish was not of the conversational sort, being only suitable for making purchases, giving orders, etc. But we smiled sweetly and profusely, which probably counted for quite as much as words.

I removed my right glove as the guide directed and we sat there, not with bated breath, but wishing the ordeal were over as our dinner hour was fast approaching.

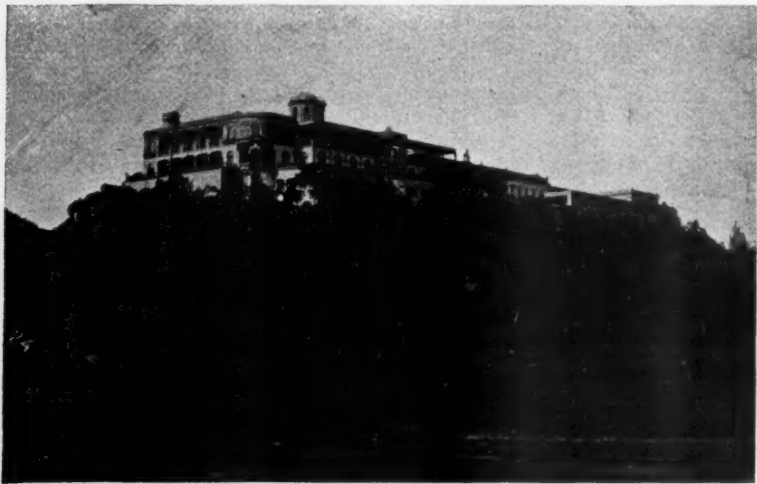
Black is the proper color in which to call on the President and this was fortunate for me, as the only dress I had there was black. Bright colors are worn but little by the *elite* or, indeed, by any one in Mexico. After the clock had struck six and when we were beginning to wonder if the person who was with the President would never leave, the door softly opened behind us, and we three were ushered into that presence, admission to which so many seek in vain.

There, to one side, amid the shadows of the darkened room, stood the stately,

handsome Porfirio Diaz, in his plain, dark business suit, with his hand outstretched toward us, and his face wearing a charming smile. After giving us hearty handshakes, he beckoned us to seats and he himself took a seat near us. The other member did most of the talking, which our guide interpreted. President Diaz understands a good deal of English, but will not attempt to speak it. He assured us that he was always glad to see any of our people and thought that, as we were such near neighbors, we ought to be brothers and sisters.

I think we remained fully three minutes and then made our adieus. We marched out through the waiting-rooms and looked with compassion on the weary ones who were still waiting. Some, however, having given up in disgust or despair, had gone away.

We went down stairs and back to the Iturbide hotel, and among our friends made quite a little of our visit, but until we had met Minister Gray and Consul-General Crittenden and other people from the United States, we did not appreciate how greatly we had been honored in being given an audience by the chief



CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.



executive. Messrs. Gray and Crittenden both assured us that we were fortunate, indeed, and the latter said that it was only a chance in a hundred that one could see the President, and that he had gone more than once before being able to do so.

The National Palace is a two-story stone building, stuccoed, occupying the east side of the Zocalo or Plaza de Armas, one of the two important plazas in the city. On the north side of this plaza is the Great Cathedral, on the site of the old Aztec temple, in which cathedral President Diaz was married. Immediately after the church ceremony, he and his wife went out and had the civil ceremony performed. This is necessary as no church marriage is legal. Mrs. Diaz is a very devout Catholic, but her husband is not.

The National Palace contains the ambassadors' hall, a very long and comparatively narrow room with a plain floor of wood, uncovered, at each end of which is a chair, one the chair used by the President, the other, made by the Mexican women, and given to Mrs. Diaz. It will be remembered as occupying a place on the second floor of the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition. Many wondered why it should be there. It was to show the work—the fine embroidery—of the Mexican women. I was urged to sit in both these chairs, and the attendant addressed me as "Senorita Presidente," which he seemed to think very complimentary and deserving of remuneration on my part. Paintings of ex-presidents and other historical personages adorn the walls, and we were happy to see among the number the benign face of our Washington looking down upon us. There are many rooms interesting to visit, one having the walls covered with red silk in which are woven designs of crowns, and a design of Maximilian's coat of arms. This was done during Maximilian's time of power. The President has a handsome private room where he can make his toilet, and is shaved while his advisers and men of influence sit near him

and converse. There are the cabinet rooms, Senate chamber, etc., and the building corresponds in its uses to our Capitol at Washington. The palace was built in 1693, and has been occupied by twenty viceroys and by Maximilian.

On another day we visited Chapultepec, the Mexican "White House," about three miles west of the city. From it one of the grandest and most picturesque views imaginable can be obtained. The city, the beautiful valley and the encircling mountains with grand old Popocatepetl to the southeast, all combine to make the scene one never to be forgotten. It is what the Mexicans call a "buena vista."

Chapultepec, the "Hill of the Grasshopper," is several hundred feet higher than the city, and is readily seen at different points in the valley. Here was Montezuma's favorite park, and as we wander or drive about among the stately trees and thick shrubbery we almost expect to see his dusky visage peer out from the thicket. The bath he used to delight in is now used by the city water-works department. Here are some of the most magnificent trees in existence. One cypress we saw was one hundred and seventy feet high and the trunk forty-six feet in circumference.

On one side of the hill in the lower part is a cave through which there is said to be an opening into the castle above. Iron bars prevented us from making an investigation.

The Mexican "White House" makes a much more commanding appearance than ours, being situated on an eminence. It is grayish in color and is surrounded by broad verandas, and the interior is handsomely appointed. A large military and naval school is at the rear of the castle, and is apparently perfect in its arrangements and courses of study. The castle was built by Viceroy Galvez and was at one time occupied by Maximilian, since which time it has been somewhat remodeled.

The Governor of the National Palace, General Juan Villegas, was at Chapultepec the morning we were there. He

is a charming man. He insisted on our making him quite a visit and made many suggestions in regard to our sight-seeing in Mexico. One of his first questions was, "How long were you prisoners in the Pullman coming to the city?"

To the young military student who was detailed to show us over the school, and who could speak a very few English sentences, but was anxious to learn more, I remarked, "When I come again perhaps you will be a general or hold some other office." He said, "Das is me aspiracion." Mexican boys are ambitious, as well as our own, and I was glad to find it out, as they have a reputation for slowness, procrastination and don't-care-ism.

The Paseo, one of the famous drives of the world, leads from the city to Chapul-

tepec, and every morning early, and every afternoon, the fashionable world of the city may be seen driving here. Statues line part of it and it is the intention to have the entire drive lined with them, which will add much to its already great beauty.

We could not help thinking, while visiting the National Palace and Chapultepec, of the many interesting events that have transpired in these historic places. Our admiration for Mexico's brave men was measurably increased. Not the least of these is Porfirio Diaz,—now occupying the president's chair for his fourth term, the third consecutive one. His aims and aspirations and hopes are evidently all for the good of the republic, for which he has already done so much. "Viva Presidente Diaz!"

## VOICES OF WANING SUMMER.

### SWEET PEAS.

CAMEO tinted, and sunset hued,  
Even the softest winds seem rude,  
As they fall against thy delicate sprays.  
A tendril entwined and intricate maze  
Of pale sea green, and pink and white,—  
The fairest colors of woven light.  
And there they lie on my lady's dress,  
And their perfume comes like a soft caress,  
From the beautiful gardens of long ago,  
Where dead love lies, as white as snow.

### THE SUNFLOWER.

THE sun has photographed upon the fields  
A myriad golden pictures of his face,  
A myriad lesser suns, that wheel and watch  
His glowing course throughout the azure space.

### THE KNIGHTED CORN.

AS sultry Summer aged grows,  
Along the rows of corn she goes,  
And knights each subject standing there,  
And gives each one a plume to wear,  
And straps below each coat of green  
A golden sword, all bright and clean,  
With which to fight the warrior Want  
When he shall come the bed to haunt  
Of th' aged, weary, dying year,  
Fast falling on his wintry bier.

## MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES.

### XII. SEALING THE FATE OF THE CONFEDERACY — SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

BY COLONEL A. G. HATRY.

IT IS now thirty years since the close of the War of the Rebellion, and it seems to me that, as the years roll by, the lessons taught by this severe struggle for national existence become more interesting. The government is now wisely taking possession of the greatest battle-fields and laying them out in National Parks, for two objects: one to preserve them as resorts of pleasure and interest, and the other as studies for our army and its officers and soldiers. The greatest of these is the park now about to be finished at Chattanooga, reaching from that city eight miles to Chickamauga, including the whole of that famous battle-field. Much contention has existed between officers and soldiers of the late War, as well as historians and civilians, as to what battle or event did more to crush the Rebellion than any other. Many contend that it was the Battle of Gettysburg; but history and events, as well as the admissions of many of our most prominent generals on both sides, now place that battle merely as one of the great battles of the War and a fatal experiment on the part of the Confederacy. The battle was a great loss to them in numbers, but it left the situation the same. Lee abandoned Pennsylvania and retreated to his old base in Virginia, and the situation remained *in statu quo*. I therefore contend that the capture of Chattanooga and the Battle of Chickamauga broke the backbone of the Rebellion and, as one of the greatest Confederate generals remarked, sealed the fate of the Southern Confederacy. He says, "they fought stubbornly to the last, but, after Chickamauga, with sullenness and despair and without the enthusiasm of hope." The following reminiscences and sketch will, to some extent at least, substantiate my assertions.

The army to which I had the honor to belong was the Army of the Cumberland, and operated in the Southwest. During the summer of 1863 this army was marching on its way under the leadership of those two great strategists, Generals W. S. Rosecrans and George H. Thomas, against the enemy's great stronghold, the city of Chattanooga. This campaign was directed against a city which was the very key to the interior of the Confederacy, the crossing point of its greatest lines of railroads from all directions, the citadel of Georgia and the whole interior South. So long as Chattanooga remained in Confederate hands their power was practically unbroken, the great Slave Empire was untouched. In an interview with a prominent Confederate general regarding this movement, he said: "When General Rosecrans commenced his forward move-



COLONEL A. G. HATRY,  
Lieutenant-Colonel, 183d Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

ment for the capture of Chattanooga, we laughed him to scorn; we believed that the black brow of Lookout Mountain would frown him out of existence, that he would dash himself to pieces against the many and vast natural barriers that rise around Chattanooga, and that then the Northern people and the government at Washington would perceive how hopeless were their efforts when they came to attack the real South." How sadly were they mistaken!

General Bragg was in command of the Confederate army and had erected strong fortifications at Tallahoma, but at our approach, after a slight skirmish, evacuated the place and retreated to his stronghold, Chattanooga. Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, became alarmed and sent two of the great Confederate generals to his assistance, Longstreet and Hill, with their invincible fighting Virginians. These troops openly boasted that they intended to show those Western Yankees how they had whipped the Yankees in the East. We toiled over hills and mountains toward the Tennessee River; the country between Tallahoma and this river is almost a barren waste of unproductive timber and woods. How well I remember our march, day after day, over this barren country, where even water was scarce, and how we rejoiced as we reached the Sequatchie Valley at the foot of the mountains, with its abundance of good water and its green fields teeming with vegetation,—the garden spot of Tennessee. How good the roasting ears tasted! How comfortably we rested!

After a few days we again started and soon stood upon the banks of the Tennessee in sight of Chattanooga, which, strange to say, General Bragg evacuated. On our approach he retreated to the Chickamauga Valley, south of Chattanooga, there to await our coming to give us battle. Crittenden's division occupied Chattanooga, while the rest of the army were again obliged to cross two vast mountain ranges, Raccoon and Lookout. This was accomplished with great labor and fatigue. To do this the army was

obliged to march by different routes, and the divisions were often separated many miles. General Bragg occupied the gaps and defiles on the opposite side and expected to capture us in detail. In this, however, he was mistaken, for we so outwitted him by feints and strategic movements, that September 17th found our army well in hand at the head of Chickamauga Valley, and by the 18th we had concentrated at Crawfish Springs. Our brigade came down the mountain into Pound Gap and we marched all night through thick dust, and reached the Springs at daylight on the 19th. As the morning dawned we heard our advance troops firing, which increased every moment. It now became evident that a battle was about to be fought. We were told to have our coffee made as quickly as possible, as we were soon to go forward. During the cooking we heard the cannons boom.

It would be difficult to describe a soldier's feelings in a time like this. There is little said, everybody is thinking, some try to be cheerful and joke, but the effort is not appreciated by the majority. We get through, stow away what we can in our haversacks, the order is "forward, double quick," and almost before we know it, we are in sight of the Rebels and the Battle of Chickamauga is begun.

Our troops were worn out by constant marching for weeks, while the Confederates had been resting and were fresh and eager for the fight, and, with the advantage of good condition, they were also one-third in excess of our number.

After the first day's fighting the victory was on the Union side. The battle was fought in a dense wooded wilderness. Facing north, the battle-field is bounded on the east by Chickamauga Creek, west and north by Missionary Ridge and gaps leading to Chattanooga, and south by Lafayette and Lee & Gordon's Mills. The day was very sultry and water was scarce. On our extreme right near the Widow Glenn house—an old log cabin—was a pond of fresh water to which our men went for supply. It was right be-

tween the lines and the Rebels planted a battery to cover this spot, which opened on our men whenever opportunity offered, until so many were killed that the water turned into blood. It still goes by the name of Bloody Pond.

Night ends the first day's fighting of Chickamauga and we rest in the woods, everyone thinking "what will be done to-morrow?"

I commanded a company, but was unfortunate in being detailed to go on picket duty for the night, a duty extremely hazardous on such an occasion. I shall never forget that night. Through all the long hours the Confederate troops were constantly moving and new troops and reinforcements arriving. Our army was at work fortifying certain positions, and particularly the road leading to Ross-ville, and I knew that the next day the battle would be renewed with redoubled energy, and so it proved.

It was Sunday morning, and at the first dawn of day the Rebel pickets opened on us and with the greatest difficulty I got my men back to our lines, but not without leaving a number killed and wounded behind, and shortly after 9 o'clock the battle opened in all its fury and swayed from left to right and center. Our division was the center. We had a barricade of logs thrown up during the night and were ordered to hold the road at all hazards, and upon this, first General Buckner's, then Stewart and Cleburne's divisions made desperate charges, only to be repulsed with heavy losses.

I remember a captain, slightly wounded, came into our line to surrender, and as he went to the rear I asked him where he came from. He said he belonged to Buckner's Confederate Kentucky troops and served with Longstreet's corps from the Army of North Virginia. He claimed he had been in the Eastern army all through the War, but had never seen such fighting; he said he much preferred fighting the Army of the Potomac to fighting us Western Hoosiers.

About noon, through some misunderstanding of orders, a division on the

right of the center was withdrawn to support the line further to the left, where the fighting was very severe, thus leaving a gap in our line. Longstreet, perceiving this, pushed in eight brigades, and thus getting in our rear, caused our lines to waver, and somewhat demoralized the right. All would have been lost had not General Thomas come to the rescue, rallying the broken line and falling back a short distance to Snodgrass Hill, where he made his stand, and thus connected this position with the center and left where our division lay behind the logs. In this position we repulsed all their attacks.

General Thomas well deserves the name of the "Rock of Chickamauga." He was always in the right place at the right time. Thus, the battle waged until nearly sundown, when, finding that we could not maintain our position any longer, General Thomas concluded to withdraw to Rossville Gap. He was not a moment too soon, for the Rebel General Lidell had worked, his division of fresh troops to our rear and across the road leading to the gap, and was opposing our way with several batteries of artillery and a strong line of infantry. We were now really surrounded, — Confederates on every side. The situation looked indeed desperate.

I well remember that General Thomas approached General Turchin, our commander, and said to him, "General, you will have to clear the road; give them the bayonet and don't stop until you drive them beyond the woods."

Where they were stationed was the famous Kelly field, for whose possession four charges had already been made during the afternoon, and this was to be the fifth and last. This field was a half-mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and there stood a wall of cannon and muskets at its end.

The charge is sounded and off we start across this field, the Confederates opening on us with shell and cannister. General Turchin on his gray horse leads the charge, the shells, bursting in our lines,



plow great furrows through them, but they close up and on we go. One big shell bursts in my company, kills and wounds eight of my men. The explosion stuns us all but we recover quickly. There is no time to look after our poor comrades. A shell kills General Turchin's horse and he falls to the ground, but rises, quickly disengages himself and turns to the men shouting "Forward! Forward!"—and on we go. As we near the enemy's lines the infantry opens on us and we meet a rain of lead, but we close up more determined than ever, and thus we strike their line, and hand to hand we drive them from their guns, which we disable. Their line is broken and they give way and run; we drive them beyond the woods, and the road to Rossville is ours, and Chattanooga is safe!

General Thomas, in his report to the War Department, says of this charge: "I ordered General Turchin to file to the left and, after changing front, ordered him to charge the Rebel lines. This he did, faced to the front while moving at a double quick and darted at a run into the faces of the enemy." It was one of the bravest, most brilliant, most important and effective charges of the day, the fifth and last over these Kelly fields, thus ending the most sanguinary and bloodiest battle of our Civil War, and the greatest of any War in the history of the world. The following few statistics will substantiate this fact:

The Army of the Cumberland, under General Rosecrans, went into this fight with 58,000 men all told. General Bragg on the first day had 76,219, and on Sunday, with his reinforcements, had 81,219, nearly one-third more than the Union forces. Our total loss was 16,179, while the Confederate loss was 17,804. Thus

the loss of each army was nearly 30 per cent of the entire force engaged, and on Sunday the losses averaged 36 per cent. The losses of regiments and brigades were often as high as 45 per cent to 75 per cent. Helms' Confederate brigade lost 75 per cent, while in many of our own regiments, mine included, the loss was 50 per cent.

Let us compare this with the battles of European nations:

Waterloo was one of the most desperate and bloody fields chronicled in European history, and yet Wellington's casualties were less than 12 per cent. His losses of killed and wounded were 11,960 out of 90,000 men. At the great battle of Wagram, Napoleon lost but 5 per cent. At Contras, Henry of Navarre was reported as cut to pieces, yet his loss was less than 10 per cent. At the great battles of Marengo and Austerlitz, sanguinary as they were, Napoleon lost an average of less than 14½ per cent. In the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, at Werth-Specran, Mars La Tour, Gravelotte and Sedan the average was 12 per cent. The losses of other battles in our own War seldom averaged over 25 per cent.

The loss of Chattanooga was a great blow to the Southern Confederacy and one from which it never recovered. Fate seemed to be against it. The failure of the Confederates to recover Chattanooga after desperate efforts in the battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and the failure of the Atlanta campaign and loss of that city, with Sherman's march to the sea, were all events that followed thick and fast. Their cause was lost. Their failures in Tennessee and beyond the Mississippi River and in Virginia were but as the night that follows the day. Their last ditch was in sight.





## HOME THEMES.

I HAVE been thinking a good deal lately about the cultivation of manners in the home. There are no schools where we can learn manners, at least none that are accessible to the most of us, even if we were not already through with lessons, save those learned in the school of life. So it seems to me the best we can do is to fit ourselves for teaching,—we mothers, I mean,—and start private schools in our own homes.

I remember reading once a little anecdote of an olden-time lady who, when reproved by a Puritan father for wearing scarlet bows on her shoes, replied that she wanted her little son to remember her as having worn scarlet ribbons. There is a beautiful thought beneath the words. To be remembered by our children as having been possessed of peculiar charms and graces, as having been different from this girl's mother, or that boy's mother, though by only the wearing of a scarlet ribbon, it seems to me, were worth living for. And then the dainty bows of scarlet signified something more. A nameless charm was tied in their folds that pervaded the whole attire, the walk, the voice, the conversation of her who wore them ; at least, I like to fancy it so.

This brings me to my starting point ; namely, the manners in the home—fine manners, the charm by which our children shall remember us. We have Miss Parloa, with her recipes and her cooking-schools, and Jenness Miller, the picturesque advocate of dress reform ; we have Emily Willard and her temperance reform ; why cannot some one start a Home Manners crusade and make it popular ? It would give the world a strong push onward toward the millennium,—indeed it would. I cannot imagine very many coming from homes where the perfection of fine manners pervades the very atmosphere and joining the ranks that move

downward. Courtesy shown by parent to parent, and by child to child, and by child to parent and by parent to child—company manners used every day, and not put away with the best china or hidden carefully in the folds of the fine table linen ; no loud tones, no rudeness, no cutting speeches, no petty selfishnesses—O, what a delightful place this old world would be to live in ! I suppose we mothers might start this crusade, this "Home Manners" reform, right in our own homes. There is full scope there for all our powers. Husband, children, manservant, maid-servant, stranger within our gates, will all unconsciously be our pupils. And so, not by the scarlet ribbon, but by the golden rule written on our foreheads, will our children remember us.

Grundy Center. —*Mary E. P. Smith.*

### PASS IT ON.

Pass it on !—

The little deed

That was done you in your need—

Pass it on !

Do not think to pay back double

For a kindness done in trouble,

Pass it on !

Pass it on !—

The ray of light

That has made your day more bright—

Pass it on !

If the word so sweetly spoken

Seemed to you a kindly token,

Pass it on !

Pass it on !—

The bit of gladness

That has driven off your sadness—

Pass it on !

It perchance may cheer another

Weary, struggling, tired, brother,

Pass it on !

Boone, Iowa. —*Josie Havens Canaday.*

## THE VICTOR.\*



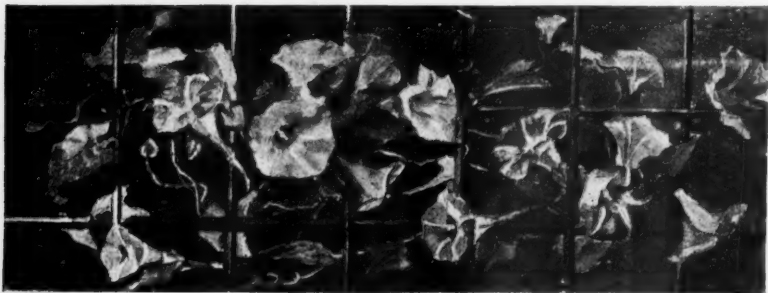
NE Spring,—the time of birds, of flowers, of mirth,—  
Fate took a prisoner from the glad, green earth  
And shut him in a dungeon, cold and gray,  
Dim with the twilight of a bygone day.

"Here will I nourish thee with bitter bread  
Of sorrow and the cup of tears," he said,  
"And here each night a hopeless head thou'lt lay,  
Pillowed on mocking dreams of yesterday.  
No brighter morrow comes; but, lest too soon,  
Pining, my victim 'scape me, ask one boon."

"My loom"—the wretched prisoner plead—"whereon  
I labored in the happy days ago.  
Haply my hand—for here naught else may strive—  
Shall keep its cunning, and my soul alive."  
Fate grimly nodded. And new life upsprang  
Within the prisoner as he worked and sang;  
Yea, sang! For think you that the dungeon's blight  
Fell on his web? Nay, rather, by his might  
And magic art did birds of wondrous hue  
Flutter across it; flowers budding grew  
Upon its meshes; all things strange and rare  
That flourish in a brighter, purer air.  
Though round about him chattering bats did dart,  
A god's creative joy possessed his heart.  
Thus wrought he many years within his tomb,  
Weaving a web of beauty and of bloom  
For after ages.—Then Death's solemn tone  
Rang on his ears. "O Angel, now I own  
Blest was my lot and happy my estate;  
Though mortal, heaven-taught, I conquered Fate!"

BERWYN, ILLS.

ELIZABETH M. BLANDEN.



Drawings by Mary A. Kirkup.

\*Awarded the prize for the Best Original Poem, in the June 30th Competition.

## THE MIDLAND'S FICTION DEPARTMENT.

### WHEN THE HOT WINDS BLOW.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM GERWIG,  
Author of "The Return," in THE MIDLAND of December, 1894.

TOWARD the end of a growing day in July, the air full of that swishing sound and that sugary odor so characteristic of a corn-field—warm, damp, oppressive, in spite of the breeze that blew across the prairies. A single team plodded backward and forward between the corn rows, the plowman whistling softly to himself, oblivious to the stifling heat, because it seemed an earnest of a bounteous harvest,—a harvest that meant so much to him. Nothing distinguished him especially from any other young man except his eyes, so large, brown and sympathetic.

His mother used to say that she could always tell the mood he was in—and he was a creature of moods—if she could either see his eyes or hear his whistle. It was no ordinary whistle, for it had the velvety softness and sympathetic range of a 'cello. Just now it happened to be Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" that he was whistling,—one of the treasures his memory had brought from his earlier life in old York State.

And as he whistled he thought; thought of all he was missing out on the plains, in music and in art. He longed, as he had so often done before, for the full notes of an organ, for a Thomas concert, or a Spring Art Exhibition. There is one thing on the plains however that almost makes up for the absence of many other delights,—the sunset. He grudged the time it took him to plow the eastward row, though the interval made his appreciation keener when he again faced the glowing west. On and on into the deepening twilight he plowed, building and rebuilding his air-castles. If things would turn out as he hoped! His thoughts were back at the university. Perhaps—who

knows!—if the corn only yielded well enough he might be able to take a year in Germany after graduating; or if they could have one of the phenomenal crops everybody talked about he might even take the coveted doctorate at Berlin.

With a start, as if suddenly awakening from a dream, he noticed that his team showed signs of weariness. He stopped instantly, just where he was, and going to the heads of the horses, patted and stroked them, soothing them with pet names before beginning to unhitch. After providing for them all the comfort that the shed of a stable would furnish, he neared the house. It was only a dug-out, the conventional first home of the sturdy pioneers who take up claims on the virgin prairies. But a dug-out, or a sod house, in spite of its homely appearance, often gathers about itself in the passing years as sacred memories as did the old log houses in the uncleared forests of Pennsylvania and Ohio, when *they* were "west."

His mother was in the doorway smiling a welcome.

"You are tired, aren't you?" she said.

"No, mother, not very; the horses were, though, so I stopped. If this weather only holds we'll have a glorious crop, and then —"

They both smiled in anticipation of all that a good year meant to them. While he was getting ready for supper his mother told him of her little visit,—for even the seven miles she had to walk had not kept the neighborly Mrs. Duncan from seeing Bartley's new baby, and visiting the Swede family, beyond, in which there was sickness. She told him of her long walk across the prairies; how cool and fresh it seemed at first; how she

rested here and there beside the ominous piles of whitened bones that marked the old California trail; how weary the way at length became as the sun rose higher, until she almost wished she had listened to his plea to take one of the horses, even from the plowing. She told him of the wonderful baby, of the father's almost frantic delight, and of Mrs. Bartley's gratitude for the little bouquet of old-fashioned flowers.

"Mr. Bartley says he's going to get that boy the finest baby-carriage this side the Mississippi,—if the corn only comes out all right!"

Then she told him of the Jansens; how much her home remedies seemed to help the sick Swede, how fearful Mrs. Jansen was lest her husband's illness should prevent them from paying the mortgage; how hard it would be if after all their efforts they should lose their little farm.

Then Jack got his books, lit the student lamp, and settled down for an evening's study. But it was an ordeal to keep awake, for tired nature would assert herself, in spite of his most rigid determination. Every evening he fought the same battle. His mother always sat near him with her sewing, giving him the moral support of her presence. He had asked her, time and again, to arouse him when she saw that he was becoming drowsy. But as she watched him nodding over his studies, then catching himself with a start and trying again, only to nod once more, she had not the heart to deprive him of the much needed rest.

"My boy, I think you need the rest more than you do the study," she would say, in reply to his protests at not being wakened. There was always a struggle for an hour or so. Then the sleepiness would be conquered by sheer force of will, and he would pore over his books intently until the time he and his mother had agreed upon as a compromise hour for quitting.

"I must keep up my work or fall behind my class," he said, in answer to all protests. She was as ambitious for him as he was for himself, so this plea usually

won. As the son studied, the mother rocked and knit; and as she rocked she kept thinking of a question Mrs. Jansen had asked her:

"Mees Duncan," she interrupted suddenly, "what for you come live way out here?"

"The settlers" on the western edge of our prairie country have all come from somewhere else. It is only a question of how long ago and for what reason. The reasons have almost always some of the tragedy of life about them. They tell of shattered fortune, shattered health, and sometimes, too, of shattered reputation, and of that pathetic yearning for another chance, a new trial. They tell, often, of revolt against the hard conditions and hopeless grind of foreign lands, and of flight to that golden America of which so many fables have reached them,—to find, alas, that the golden rewards come only as a result of persistent endeavor, of relentless activity, of suffering and heartache. They sometimes tell of a breaking away from the class distinctions and complications of an effete civilization, in a wild, uncontrollable hope for an independent, self-reliant manhood and womanhood that asks nothing more than to stand or fall on its own merit.

She thought of her early married life in New York State, of Jack's birth, of their journey to the Middle West, of her husband's death, and the troubles that followed compelling Jack to leave the university at the end of his sophomore year and to come with her to this frontier claim,—the only thing remaining for them. They both consoled themselves with the reflection that as soon as the corn crop was in, the real hard part of the struggle would be over, and he could get back to the university and to an equal chance with the other fellows.

Time passed, each week bringing nearer the hope of a bountiful harvest. There was a thrill of joy in the air Jack whistled now. Three weeks more of the right kind of weather and all would be well. There had been no rain for ten days, but the ground was still in good

condition. He gave it an extra plowing making the most of the moisture from the dew. Two weeks passed, but still there came no rain. The freshness was gone from the prairie and everything began to show the effects of dry weather. Mother and son, each trying to keep up the courage of the other, prophesied in turn that rain must come soon and that the crop was all right *yet*. It was the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore" that Jack whistled most now. It seemed to express, better than anything else, the vague but powerful yearning that had taken possession of him.

"Ah! I have sighed to rest me  
Deep in the quiet grave."

These were the words of that divine plaint, but the notes, as he caressed them, expressed his meaning without need of the words. He remembered the vivid description of a desert by Pierre Loti, and that wonderful "Passion in a Desert" of Balzac's. By a rare fatuity his mind was filled with all the drought and desert lore he had ever read, and he wondered apprehensively whether this claim of his, in which he had come to take so deep an interest, was to be burnt back to that brown barrenness and desolation.

Another week passed, a week of torment. The bodily suffering it brought was all but unbearable. Added to that was the mental torture. They were powerless; there was absolutely nothing they could do except wait, and pray for rain. The heat during the day was blinding, but the nights and early mornings were still fresh and cool, seeming to taunt them with the beauty of relentless Nature. The sunsets were superb; but what heart had they for beautiful sunsets! The starlight was clear and magnificent; but there was no sign of rain.

They had become so heartsore that they stopped talking about it, and only exchanged a silent sympathy, or tried in vain to introduce new subjects of conversation to distract their minds. The strain was terrible. Jack had not looked at his books for a week. It was absolutely impossible.

"How much more can the fields stand?" asked Mrs. Duncan one morning.

"The edges of the corn-blades are beginning to wrinkle now. Another week without rain, or two days of the hot winds, and the crop will be a complete failure. But," he added, hoping almost against hope, "if we get a rain, even now, we'll be all right."

It was the first time either of them had mentioned the hot winds, though it was the fear of them that had been uppermost in their minds all along. They had heard much of that fierce hot blast that comes from the south, superheated, toward the end of a drought, as withering as if direct from the mouth of a furnace. The hot winds do not blow often, but when they get fairly started all hope is gone. In a single day, in one fiery breath, they shrivel up miles of cornfields, until what has been green and full of life in the morning, at night is brown and dead, until the hopes of the year are blasted. The dread of the hot winds was even too terrible to talk about.

Two more weary days! Still the sunshine laughed at them; still the stars taunted them with twinkling coolness; still the sunsets tormented them with the vision of unattainable gold. Jack spent his time in the fields, watching the effect of the drought on the corn, frantic almost at his utter helplessness. When he could stand it no longer, he walked out on the open prairie. But the heat there was intolerable, and he went to the house. It was cooler there, for the thick sod walls were a protection. The strain was telling on mother and son.

The next morning dawned more sultry than ever. The wind was from the south. There was none of the prairie vigor in it. Each tried to conceal from the other the apprehension felt; each stole furtive glances toward the south. Jack left for the corn-fields as soon as breakfast was over. All morning the mother watched. The breeze strengthened. It would bring either rain or destruction,—no one could tell which. Toward noon it became hotter and fiercer. Jack came home looking

years older, his teeth set and a haunted look in his eyes. His mother knew now why it was that she had not heard his whistle all the morning.

"It's coming!" was all he said, as he sank into a chair.

"My poor boy," she sighed, as she stroked his hair from his feverish forehead. And so they sat through the long stifling afternoon, waiting and watching for all their possessions to wither before their eyes.

"And the poor Jansens!"

"And the Bartleys, too!"

The hot winds usually blow three days. They were unconsciously saving their strength for the other two days. Toward 4 o'clock the wind became blistering. Metal was too hot to touch, and even the wood, what little there was about the house, burned the naked hand.

Near dusk it grew cooler, and Jack went listlessly to the fields to see the amount of the damage. His mother went with him. All along the southern edges, where the corn had been exposed to the full force of the blast, the stocks were dried up completely, as dead as in December. Then for the next ten yards into the fields the tops were yellow; but beyond that apparently little damage had been done, although the blades were withered along the edges, and hung limp,

like the leaves of long neglected hot-house plants. They were devoutly thankful for the wonderful ability of the prairie to resist long continued drought.

That evening the two were sitting in the doorway, much in the spirit of the condemned awaiting execution. Suddenly Jack started and stared at the horizon. Was he dreaming, or losing his mind?

A cloud!

How eagerly they watched it. They remembered the "cloud the size of a man's hand." But this was larger. Though it grew, they scarcely dared hope, for often during that trying drought clouds had gathered and given every promise of rain,—but not a drop had fallen. A different breeze had come up. It was fresh and almost cold! The clouds were dense and black now, advancing, like an army, in straight, battalion-like lines. Something was bound to come of it. But perhaps it would be a cyclone. The hope that had arisen in their breasts was chilled for an instant. Then they watched for the outcome with bated breath.

As the first drops fell, the light of a new hope came into the eyes of mother and son. The tears of relief fell with the rain of heaven. The drought was at an end.

## TYPES.

A little nymph, with cheek that glows  
Like petal of a damask rose,—  
Herself the sweetest flower that grows  
In east or west.

A maiden in a snowy dress,  
Vision of radiant loveliness,—  
Who would not at her feet confess  
"Here ends love's quest!"

In filmy laces pale and rare,  
A jewel flashing in her hair,  
My lady with imperial air,—  
Divine the rest!

Each of these types, by love's decree,  
Might win a kiss on knightly knee,  
Yet who will tell which of the three  
Were loveliest?



## JANET.

BY ZOE NORRIS.

JANET sat listlessly in her saddle, and looked out on the prairie.

The sunshine had toned down her color until she might have passed for a study in sepia, so still she sat on her sturdy pony, with the sky for a background. Her rough dress and cow-boy hat had faded to warm yellow. Her sunburned face was touched with carmine at the cheeks and lips. Her hands were bronzed, and her yellow hair had taken on the tawny shade of her pony's mane. It was not strange, since she had lived in the sunshine all day long, tending the herd.

To-day, used as she was to the heat of the Kansas midsummers, the sunshine scorched her. Her eyeballs hurt with the glare. The hot winds struck her cheek like the blast from a furnace. Yonder, at the horizon, billows of heat palpitated like the waves of the sea, then rolled across the prairie, scorching the grass and burning the corn in the distant fields, the tassels hanging disconsolate, as if begging for rain.

The songs of the birds were hushed. The bees droned almost inaudibly as they hung over the parched prairie flowers; and the herd stood close together, crunching the burnt grass.

Janet, alighting from her pony, scanned the brazen sky for a cloud. Not one was visible. Nevertheless—

"There will be a cyclone before night," she said aloud.

"Better be saying your prayers then, little girl," cried a merry voice behind her. "That is, if you are a true weather-witch."

She turned and smiled up at him, and forgot the heat of the day. The molten lead of the sky ceased to glare in the light of his blue eyes.

"Janet—" Her name was plain Jane, but he had softened it thus. Children born in sod houses are rarely given

fanciful names. "Janet," he said, moving between her and the sun so that she, wee thing that she was, stood in his shadow, "is this the place for you, here in this miserable simoon, unprotected in the heat of such a day? Where are your father and brothers that they leave work like this to you?—a man's work! You poor little thing! You know what I wish. Must I ask you again to leave all this misery and come with me?"

Janet rested her arm on her pony's neck and her head on her arm, thus shutting out together the glare of the sunshine and the fascination of his eyes. She wanted to think. Many times he had begged her to go with him, bringing to bear upon her all the charm of his manly strength and beauty, but she had laughed him away for very pride. How would it



MRS. ZOE NORRIS, WICHITA, KANSAS.

look for a grand Englishman to marry a girl who tended the herd?—"a cow-girl" as she styled herself, derisively.

It is true, her father scoffed at the English settlement at Runnymede. "English noblemen! swells indeed!" he cried in fine scorn. "Rather, younger sons, who have committed some petty crime, whose people have sent them to this Kansas wilderness in order to save the good old name from disgrace. So they come for the shooting, do they? Better tell the truth and say they were forced to come."

Then would this prominent member of the great populist movement, at its height at that time, launch out in a tirade against noblemen, monopolists, money-holders, and swells in general, until he was obliged to stop from very hoarseness and exhaustion.

"The populist movement!" It was this that had so changed Janet's life.

It seemed a fine thing at first, the farmers going into town with flags flying and banners waving and bands playing, the common people running everything; sending their men to congress to make great and good laws for Kansas; laws that would do away with the grasshoppers and the chinch bugs, the hot winds and the drouth; laws that might provide some farming implement that would cultivate the land without the aid of a guiding hand while the farmers lounge about the streets of the small towns and talk politics, and grumble about monopolies and trusts and hard times, with the whole country going to the dogs! It came to be a chronic thing—this going into town; for these men they had sent to Congress failed to distinguish themselves except in the way of forming a collection of Kansas curios for the laughing stock of the world, and something must be done about it. In any event, if nothing could be done, they must talk it over. While they talked it over, the women did the work of the farm, trying to save the wheat and the corn from the terrible hot winds, from the chinch-bug and other destroying insects.

Janet's poor old mother, overworked and tired always! Her sisters with brawny hands, always busy about the house! Her own lot was best, she thought,—out under the blue sky, in the springtime, listening to the bob-white calling and the field-lark's low, sweet note; drenched now and then by a shower; not minding that at all, rather laughing at the fun of it. But oh! the heat of this particular summer! The sweltering dog-days,—this blazing day of all others! It had taken the heart out of her.

The voice of her sweetheart was like the voice of an angel, promising the glories of the Golden Gates and the Great White Throne. She longed for shadowy meadows and cooling breezes. He had promised her these. There, in his English home were hawthorn hedges, and primrose paths, and tall, wide-spreading oaks, standing like sentinels through the centuries. To-day, in the hopeless heat of the burning prairie, the thought of those oaks came like cooling water. She looked down at her coarse dress. He had said she should walk "in silk attire"—in that glorious future when she was to be his wife. He had caressed her little brown hand and promised that it should be white and soft. She had laughed at that,—her hand white and soft! Then, his eyes had grown sad at her mocking, and he had vowed to care for her tenderly through life; for was she not his love, his darling, his pet lamb that he would shield from all harm?

O yes, she loved him; she would go with him. She was ready to leave everything and be his wife. She had little enough to leave, but she would let him plead a little longer. His voice was sweeter than music in her ears.

"Janet," he whispered, bending down under her big hat until his lips almost touched her brown cheek, "are you listening? Will you come with me? You shall want for nothing. You shall be my queen, my little queen—come, will you?"

She lifted her head at last and looked at him; then past him, with a scared look in her eyes.

What change had come over the blazing day! A lurid light, like the light of Judgment Day, enveloped them. It was as if they looked at the earth and sky through a piece of bright red stained glass. In the southern sky clouds were piled up, black and threatening. They heard a rushing sound of wind,—wailing, moaning, thrashing, roaring in the distance.

On it came, the darkness growing until they stood in the blackness of night, with the horrible fear of the unknown upon them,—this awful roaring, rushing, whirling, murderous thing that was coming to crush them! Something swept past them with a great noise, distinguishable above the roar. It was the herd, stampeding, running with the wind and bellowing with fear.

Oh! that awful darkness! The terrible fear of sudden death, of being crushed and mangled, of dying by inches maybe beneath some heavy weight. Then, great sheets of water, as if the sky had opened and emptied itself upon them, and—a vivid flash of lightning.

Janet saw it coming in that flash,—a horrible thing like something alive, black, funnel-shaped, awful! She threw herself upon her lover's breast. He felt her arms about his neck in the darkness,—then a blow, as if a great hand out of the darkness had struck him, felling him to the ground. During the next few moments of inky blackness, of terror, of flying missiles armed with death, he was unconscious. When he opened his eyes, a calm twilight spread over the track of the cyclone; and Janet lay still on his breast—too still!

Close beside them was a great bough.

It was the hand that had struck them in the darkness. She had seen it coming in that vivid lightning flash, and, throwing herself upon him, had herself received the blow.

He laid her upon the wet grass and chafed her hands. They were cold and limp. The half-shut eyes filled him with terror; and the lips—lips that had smiled back at him when he told her to say her prayers, only a short half-hour ago—were painfully drawn across the little white teeth.

She had no need of prayers now.

She had only fainted, he thought. She could not be dead, the poor little girl who had never known what it was to live! He took her hands again, and rubbed them, calling her loving names.

Then he grew wild with anxiety and—with remorse. He began talking to her earnestly, over and over, explaining to her something that was on his mind. He wanted her to know "the straight of it."

"Little one," as if she could hear, "listen to me. I never meant you harm. Your poor life was hard. I would have given you care and happiness and love. I would have made your life one long summer day. No more watching of the herd under the burning sun; no more work; but rest, and cool paths, and sheltered ways. It is I—do you hear? I, who would have led you in these sheltered ways,—I, who love you. And all along, little girl, I have meant you no harm. I really meant to make you my wife. Do you hear, Janet? I meant to make you my own little wife!"

But the lover's words fell upon deaf ears. Without help from him, Janet had found the "sheltered ways."



## OVERSHADOWED.

### PART SECOND.

BY ELIZABETH D. PRESTON.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"Sing it mother, sing it low;  
Deem it not an idle lay;  
In his heart 'twill ebb and flow  
All the life-long way.  
Sing it mother, love is strong;  
When the tears of manhood fall.  
Echoes of thy cradle song  
Shall its peace recall."

THREE thousand miles from her old home, in picturesque Honolulu, Helen at last found rest. Latitude and longitude were nothing to one whose entire interests were centered in the two loved ones that were with her.

She did not realize that she was ill, yet she faithfully obeyed Philip's entreaties that she should almost live out of doors. She would take little Arthur away from his nurse and for hours would sit beneath the shade of the fragrant acacia trees listening to the murmur of the bees among the dainty blossoms, and watching the efforts, most of them futile, of the child to catch the gaudy-colored butterflies, or pluck the flowers whose stems resisted his baby strength.

Health and strength and ambition gradually came back to the young mother, and when Arthur was three years old she was, to all appearances, the same bright, winning girl whom Philip had married. No more children came to them, and so a love approaching adoration was lavished upon their son.

"We might return to Santa Illa, Philip," said Helen one day. "I am quite my old self again, and doubtless the schools and all that sort of thing will be better there for Arthur."

Philip laughed. "'Schools and all that sort of thing' we are in no hurry for," he said, "and you had better stay here until the summer."

So they waited, and fall and winter and spring passed away. Through the influence of Doctor Gray, who was over-

worked, and his own skill and untiring efforts, Philip had come into a good practice. Thus, time passed rapidly for him, — a habit time has always revealed to his faithful servants.

These two married lovers asked not, cared not, to look into the future. They were happy, having no thought of the possible dangers awaiting them.

Dinner-time had long since passed, but Philip had not come. Midnight came and morning dawned, but Philip came not.

As Helen passed down the stairs in the morning she saw a note addressed to her lying upon the table. Her name was written in Philip's handwriting. As innocent looking as the calling cards beside it, — how could she know that, having read the contents, she would cease to live! She would exist; she would breathe and walk and talk; yes, she would even smile again, but the great joy of living, that feeling expressed in the words, "I am glad I am alive," would never again be hers. Smilingly she raised the letter from its resting place, marveling at its thickness. Tenderly she carried it to her lips. The act brought the color to her cheeks. These two married people, how dearly they loved each other! He had been detained and sent her this message, — possibly last night. Why had she not been possessed of it at once? Such carelessness was inexcusable in a servant; she would read the letter first and afterward ascertain who had been so negligent.

The first few lines drove all thought of servants and their shortcomings from her mind.

She read along, dazed, uncomprehending. A patter of tiny feet recalled her wandering mind to the present. She turned and swiftly passed back up the

stairs to her room. Then, once more she opened the letter, and read:

*My Darling Wife; my Beautiful Helen,*—Alas, what wickedness have I done that I am condemned no more to gaze upon your fair face, or to hear the voice that has been as sweetest music to my ears! In the bitterness of my heart I can almost "curse God and die."

I am bewildering you, and so, with the hand that should have been severed from the arm ere I ever lived to write such a terrible message for your eyes to rest upon, I will tell you what you must know at once.

Do you remember a case on lower Heurano Street (that alley of filth and vice), that I mentioned to you as being a peculiar skin disease,—something quite new to me? The trouble did not yield to the usual treatment for similar difficulties and I was forced to turn the case over to Doctor Templeton, the dermal specialist. Burdened with other duties I never, until yesterday, spoke to Doctor T. about this case. Since then, my attention has been repeatedly called to that most horrible, loathsome disease, leprosy, which is, I find, very common in these islands.

Now to my story. Yesterday, after leaving home and kissing your dear lips—for the last time without knowing it—I noticed in the center of the palm of my left hand a tiny spot no larger than the head of a pencil. It was that deadly white tint that made my heart stand still with fear. I tried to wash it away; the effort was useless. I applied both creams and salves; they had not the slightest effect.

I spent four hours in my office, and no man ever suffered more, mentally, than I did in that brief space of time. As a flash came to my memory the haggard face of the young man whose disease I did not know. I, Philip Gordon, who have studied and traveled as few men of my age are privileged to do, did not know the signs of leprosy, and carelessly exposed myself to a living death.

At 2 o'clock I telephoned Doctor Encke to attend to such of my patients as I felt must have immediate attention.

At 4 o'clock I went to Doctor Templeton's office and mentioned the case of a year ago. Since then I have given the man many a similar case, that has yielded to his treatment. That is, I, until now, had supposed them to be similar cases. It was some time before I could bring to his mind the case I desired to recall to him; but, as it was burned as a picture of fire upon my memory, I at last succeeded in bringing it before his mental vision.

"Oh, yes; that man had leprosy," said the doctor lightly; "we sent him to the colony at Molokai."

With simulated calmness I held out my hand, saying, "What is that spot?" Before one word had been said in answer, I read from the look of horror that swept over his face, what I already knew to be the truth.

"I see you have your suspicions," said the doctor gravely; "they are correct; it would be unkind to keep you in suspense."

My beloved, can you imagine my misery? For one moment I think I was insane. Had there been a murderous instrument at hand I feel I would, in very despair, have taken the wretched life that from now can be but a curse to me.

Helen, no doubt you have read and heard of this leper colony in Molokai. It is the Hawaiian law that all lepers must be banished to it, and as there is absolutely no cure known to science for this dreaded disease, this horrible affliction, they must there end their miserable lives deprived of all they love, deprived of all the joys of life, as if, indeed, they were the vilest criminals that ever walked the earth.

From a scientific standpoint, from the standpoint of the value of human life, we could not complain of so necessary a decree. I could return to you to-night if I would. I am under no restraint, yet I could not endure to expose you to what might be a similar calamity. Up to now I have not known. Now I know, and I could never again touch your dear hand. I will believe that you are still unscathed; I think you are; your health is perfect and my affliction is, as yet, in such a mild form.

I will force myself to be content with this wretched explanation of circumstances; I will not recklessly tempt fate by coming to you again. You see where all this leads to, do you not, my sweetheart? I leave to-night for Molokai; I do not wait for the authorities to send me. I must never again see all that I hold most dear to me,—my darling wife, my beautiful boy! How can I bear it! To know that you are living and that I may not come to you; that you need me, and that my son needs me, and I may not aid you!

My father's home can never again be visited by me. An alien land must be my home,—my interests only those to be found in the wretched colony at Kalau-papa. Worse than Job am I afflicted. When God removed from him his sons and daughters, his lands and stock, he left to him the wife of his youth, the



woman with whom he had chosen to spend his days.

Although you will ever think of me with tender pity and love, you cannot but remember that each year will make me more loathsome.

My dear Helen, I am miserable at causing you such bitter pain. Believe me, if I only were to suffer this bitter curse it would not be so hard to bear. Where my manhood gives way is at the thought of you and the boy. Now there is one last request to make: I wish my going to Molokai kept a secret. Tell the people at Honolulu that I have been suddenly called back to America. Take Arthur to Santa Illa and let our little world think I have died.

Send by the steamer that next carries provisions to Kalaupapa my books, papers and clothes, and enclose photographs of yourself and Arthur. I am not quite sure, but fancy that the blessed privilege of correspondence will be allowed to us as long as I can hold a pen, and mind and memory remain unimpaired. I think the officials have a system of fumigation, as I have taken the precaution to fumigate this.

By my will, which has been made some time, you will have enough to live on, beside the fortune that is your own.

Let even my own father think I am sleeping the calm sleep from which there is no waking, and, O! I pray that it may soon be a blessed reality. As a request from the dead might be honored, so now I beg of you to give no such painful thoughts to our son as the truth would bring. Cloud not his young life with such dreary shadows. I am dead.

Dear Helen, good-bye! You have Arthur to live for. There is but one thing that can make my exile more miserable, and that is to know that you have allowed this calamity to crush you.

You may write to me at the post-office of Kalayo.

With thousands of kisses for those sweet lips that can never again meet mine; with a heart almost breaking with its heaviness, I am, in life, in sickness and in death,

Your devoted lover,  
PHILIP GORDON.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"And when the step you long for comes,  
And all the world is full of light,  
O women, safe in happy homes,  
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night!"

How long she sat there with that death-dealing letter in her hands I cannot say. The maid had come to the door and told

her that breakfast awaited. She had aroused herself sufficiently to say she was ill and needed nothing. Later the nurse had brought little Arthur, who had pounded upon the door with his tiny fists, but to no effect. It was barred to all.

At 1 o'clock, with a supreme effort, she dragged her weary limbs down to the dining-room and forced herself to eat. In those morning hours her mind had been made up to a great undertaking.

After luncheon she gathered together all of Philip's books and, putting her own with them, she wrapped them in papers and placed them side by side in a large packing box. Next, she took down her husband's clothing and packed it in a trunk and most of her own she placed in another. In another box she placed such mementoes of a happy life as she felt she must retain, and she smiled as she thought of what Philip's sensations must be when he unpacked those trunks. The books would not startle him; he would think she had sent them as a part of herself. But what but the truth could he believe when he saw her clothing? Ah, what but the truth!

This, then, was the meaning,—she was going to him. Of her own free will she was about to give up all that had been forced from Philip. O, her baby! How could she leave him! But her husband—did he not need her more? What of her vow, uttered from the depths of her heart, "until death us do part"? And was not there a special clause in reference to sickness? Were such vows to be overlooked when the test came? Was she to say, "My child is dearer than my husband"? Again, could not she give up her child into the tender hands of her sister with an easier struggle than she could give into alien hands the care of her husband? Indeed, if such great love can bear the test of analysis, did she not better love her husband, the lover of her youth, the father of her child, than she did her only son? Ah, may few of us be compelled to make similar decision!

It was hard to choose between the two she loved best on earth. She did not



put herself in the balances. So free from selfishness was she that her life seemed a thing apart and not to be considered. It held no charms for her now. Life for her was dead even as Philip was dead, and she had made up her mind.

Like a dream came to her the time when Philip had laughingly accused her of robbing him of his rights in lavishing such affection on her baby; and she had replied: "I hope I may never be obliged to choose between you, but if ever such a time does come I shall unhesitatingly go to him who most needs me."

The one who most needed her—the words came back to her in a double meaning. The one who most needed her,—that must be Philip. None other could comfort and love as she could. Heavy henceforth must be their hearts, but they need not add the anguish of separation.

As for Arthur, Margaret would take him and care for him as tenderly as she herself could; perhaps she could not love him quite as much, but perhaps for that very reason the love would have a happier ending. Yes, Margaret should know all, and to her should be given the custody of this one precious jewel from her casket.

She could not take him where she was about to go. She could not condemn that spotless young life to premature and loathsome death. For herself she could endure all things; but she had no right, no inclination to take her precious child with her.

As the last garment was folded and hidden from sight, the overburdened heart found its first relief in a torrent of tears. Ah, happy, reason-saving tears! Great, relentless sobs shook the slender form, and hot, scalding tears burned their way down the white cheeks. But, alas, she felt that for grief there was little time. She had much to do, and with a mighty effort she arose from her knees. She had been kneeling, but she had not tried to pray. Her innocent prayers had always been said,—never prayed. Mechanically had they been uttered because no great grief had ever come to her.

Only once, the day she saw the small white coffin, had the possibility of grief been felt; so, only once had a genuine prayer welled from her heart to Heaven.

"Through chastening are we ennobled, through suffering, purified." This sentence came to her mind, and that night as she lay down to sleep,—sleep broken with horrible dreams,—she prayed as only they can pray who have felt the cruel hand of death.

There was much to do. First she had a long journey to make in order to place her child in Margaret's care. She lost no time, but it was, necessarily, many days before she found herself again in her Hawaiian home.

To Margaret she had laid her heart bare; without reserve she had told her all the particulars. Margaret, knowing well what she, under similar circumstances, would have done, made no useless plea for the abandonment of the plans formed.

At first it was to be understood that Arthur was but a temporary inmate of his aunt's home; that Philip had been suddenly called to China; that Helen, desiring to accompany him, had left her son in charge of Margaret. Then, when the time should come when Philip and Helen might have reached the Orient, a letter would be received by Margaret which she would mention to their old friends; then a silence would fall until such time as some fearful ocean wreck occurred and then it would be announced that Philip and Helen had perished with the fated steamer.

The world is credulous where it is not particularly interested, and unbelieving where its interests are at stake. In this case, when the time came and the story was told, none doubted its truth,—none save Doctor Gordon, who insisted on disbelieving the story; and Margaret, fearing he would discover the truth, told him all. Already aged beyond his years, overworked and half ill, the sad news so affected the poor man that, with hardly an effort to resist, he laid himself down upon his bed, from which he never rose.

Childhood is incapable of sorrowing for long (O blessed thought!) and gradually Arthur began to feel for "Aunt Marjet" an affection like to that which he had given his mother.

In all the wide world there was nothing left to Margaret but little Arthur; so, unto him was given all the care and attention, the love and the devotion that even the best of mothers give to their own.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"Were God to strike me blind until the day  
My lids unclose to show my trembling soul  
Beneath His gaze—beloved, I would say,  
'I was content to stumble to the goal  
Through darkened years; once having seen  
a face  
That glowed—a lamp eternal—at the end  
Of Life's dark corridor.'"

Great was the consternation of Philip when Helen appeared on the Island of Molokai. Schooling himself to hardest self-denial, he went to the officials and begged that they would have her removed. He trembled lest it were already too late. It seemed to him that even the air they breathed was impure, although it came from the broad Pacific. Helen would not go. Instead, she ran to Philip, and closely linking her arms about his neck she kissed him over and over again; then exclaimed, hysterically, "Now I am polluted; now I may stay; ah, Philip, you cannot send me away!"

What could he do! At the sacrifice of his own life he would have forbidden this reckless throwing away of hers, but the deed was done; she gloried in it, and she was so inexpressibly dear to him, her presence was so strangely sweet, that he held her to his wildly-beating heart and thanked God for giving him, thus against his will, this one more taste of earthly bliss.

The books and clothes had not yet arrived, and the pitying letters had been so non-committal that Philip had had no intimation of this great sacrifice.

So began another life. The old life, with all its pleasures, all its pains, was to be forgotten. There, shut in by a precipitous mountain wall on the one side and

the great sea on the other, in the desolate yet beautiful Kalaupapa, were these two self-exiled until released by death.

In itself the place was filled with grandeur. To the south was the mountain wall toward which one insensibly gazed when he thought of all he had left behind—the world and its pleasures, its hopes, joys and happiness. On the north lay the great Pacific.

The mountain ranges reflected every tender phase of purest color and by infinite distances challenged the capacities of farthest vision. They contained softest pastoral suggestions of cove and slope. The primeval wilderness and stern and rugged solemnities of crags were disturbed by phantasmal chutes of flying mountain torrents. Cataracts danced like jewels endowed with flashing life. Far up the heights were many noble trees bearing their pristine richness of foliage, and some that towered into the air, dead, white and unsightly, so characteristic of the lepers themselves—dead, yet still standing.

In one of the detached cottages, provided for the harborage of these unfortunate people, Philip and Helen Gordon commenced a new life, a life so vastly different from the old one that at times they almost doubted their own identity. Doubtless Philip would die long before Helen, yet there lay before them, or so they presumed, many years of life,—many years before either would lose the power to think and act and work.

It was a long time before Helen could accustom her eyes to the strange sights about her. There were creatures—she saw them sitting before the little houses that had been provided at government expense—who bore scarcely the semblance of human form. They were unable to speak or move; they were lifted from place to place by those who were yet able to do for others, and perhaps still loved them.

These were the worst cases,—those who were nearly free from earthly thralldom. Then there were those who had been

afflicted for perhaps six or eight years, with eyes still bright but complexions darkened, whose lips were parched and voices shrilled by some affection of the throat caused by the malady.

There were others whose faces, hands and necks indicated all too plainly the whole condition of the body,—a mass of ash-colored scales, hands rigid, a stiffness in walking showing that the tissues and cartilages had begun the process of hardening.

"O Philip, can we ever be as loathsome as this!" Helen wailed. "Please God we have some terrible accident—even fall from yonder dizzy height in some one of our pilgrimages, rather than endure such misery as we see about us!"

But when she saw the anguish in Philip's face and felt that he would suffer more to see her ill than from anything he might himself endure, she repented her impetuous words and never after broke forth into lamentations, but bravely set herself to endure, and to help Philip.

At the beginning of their sojourn upon this island they absented themselves, selfishly perhaps, from the rest of the inhabitants. There were fully a thousand lepers on the island. The greater portion of each day they spent upon the mountain side, within the fragrant forest or upon the beach. A portion of the day was devoted to the care of their little garden. They also had a flower garden, to which they had transplanted from the mountain-side many rare, exotic plants. Wonderful to them were the tree-like proportions to which the ferns attained. One who has never visited a tropical forest can form little idea of the surprises which awaited these two flower-lovers. Gracefully entwined, or standing firmly by themselves, were masses of beautiful plants with many-colored blooms, while cocoanut and palm and pine trees whispered one to another or stood like sentinels guarding the hillsides and coast. The graceful pampas grass swayed in the passing wind and the perfume from the acacia sweetened the air.

It had been their custom to go to the mountains before the sun was intensely warm, and there, beneath the shade of a huge boulder, or under a friendly tree or fronded palm, they would write or read or talk, as their fancy led them to do. Philip was engaged upon some scientific work that might yet live if he could not. Already had there been many strangers to this island on scientific knowledge bent—mostly medical men—and Philip had held converse with them. Such moments were sweet to him. Sometimes they had left their addresses and had begged him to write certain articles for them, and afterwards these articles would be sent back, in printed form, upon the leaves of some well-known magazine.

One day, as Philip and Helen sat beneath the shelter of a rock and watched the trickling, babbling water coming in thread-like, silvery streams down the hillside on the one hand, and on the other a foaming cascade dashing down some fifty feet into a deep, dark pool beneath, Philip took the little hand of his wife and searched for the sign that would tell that she, too, must suffer as others were suffering.

Helen understood the gaze perfectly although there was no word spoken. "There is a spot just beneath my ear, Philip; I have known it for some time and have rejoiced over it, for I was about to believe that I was fated to outlive you by many years. Now, may its work be speedily accomplished!"

After this they mingled more with the other unfortunate people, and thereby made some pleasant acquaintances. Probably three-fourths of these miserable exiles were those who, in the world, had little to recommend them.

Doctor Gordon again resumed his title and both he and Helen felt that they were doing much to alleviate distress. Cure was impossible, but a mitigation of suffering lay in their power. The disease until eight years old or longer, is painless; simply a wasting away of physical and sometimes mental powers. So it is that

those last to come to the island can be of much service to those who have been there for years, and, consequently, few missionaries are called for.

Yet missionaries there are also; brave, noble men and women; people who have given their lives to the service of Christ and make no provision as to how He shall use them.

Doctor Gordon found that the bark of the acacia tree, when steeped, made a powerful tonic. As appetite was almost a lost factor with many of these poor people, Helen made herself greatly beloved by preparing this beverage in large quantities, and distributing it among them. From the pods she made a strong extract, which being allowed to ferment made a pleasant drink, a kind of beer.

So the years passed. Instead of living for themselves, as at first, they lived for others.

They had reached the point where the hair and eyebrows were white. Had it not been so coarse it would have only enhanced the beauty of their faces. By the constant application of those salves and creams, which Doctor Gordon knew so well how to prepare, the disease had been held in check.

One day Dr. Ernest Gray came to the island. There is no harbor at Kalau-papa, but by means of the open inroad his ship landed. He came on scientific purposes intent, and the great surprise with which he beheld his old-time friends nearly overcame him. He had long believed them dead.

Earnestly he listened to their sad story, and agreed with them that it were better to remain as dead to the world. Philip said,—"You know how the Talmud has it: 'These four are dead: the blind, the poor, the childless and the leper.'"

By the next ship sent by the government loaded with provisions, medicine, etc., came a box containing the latest scientific works for Philip, and handsome volumes of poems, new to the world, for Helen, together with an expression of the undying friendship of Doctor Gray.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"But if there be a blissful sphere  
Where homesick souls, divided here,  
And wandering wide in useless quest,  
Shall find that longed-for haven of rest—  
If in that higher, happier birth  
We meet the joys we missed on earth.  
All will be well, for I shall be  
At last, dear loving heart, with thee."

So passed the years. There came to them added discomforts, although they were more in the nature of wasting strength than infirmities of the body.

Once in every three months since their exile they had heard from Margaret,—long, loving letters; but rarely, indeed, had they been answered. It was deemed better so, lest by some unhappy accident Arthur should through them discover his weighty inheritance. They had wept over the letters received in praise of their boy; each letter had been re-read many times. This tie to the world yet remained to them. Unmindful of their own unhappiness they kept up a certain spirit by dreaming and talking of him.

One morning Philip said: "To-day Arthur is twenty; we have been here sixteen years!" Later in the same day came a letter from Margaret saying that Arthur was going to Germany in pursuance of his medical studies.

During the evening after Philip was asleep—he slept so much of late—Helen wrote to Margaret as one despairing woman will write to another woman whom she loves. She knew that Philip was dying. Of course he had been dying all of these long, dreary, yet not altogether unhappy years; but now the end was near, and Oh, her great sorrow was best told in the words, "I shall yet live." Perhaps years must pass before freedom would come to her and how could she live without Philip? How wearily would drag the days upon this lonely island without one loving soul near her; to die attended by strangers, to be borne to her grave by alien hands and wept for by none of her kin! Of this would she in her young days have dared to dream? It was too hard.

Of Arthur she spoke as only a mother can speak. She blessed Margaret for

her tender, thoughtful care of one who had been more than motherless. Freely she spoke of her life at Molokai, and ended the letter with the wish that the next word Margaret should receive from Kalaupapa would be written in a stranger's hand.

This letter she addressed to Woodbine, believing that Arthur was in foreign lands. Her letters had formerly been sent both to a distant post-office and to an assumed name. In all previous letters she had mentioned Philip as "my husband" and signed her name as Nellie, by which name she had never been called since a little girl.

When this letter came to Woodbine Arthur Gordon lay in the delirium of fever, and his aunt Margaret, careless of all save the restoration of her beloved nephew's health, placed it with others, in the desk that had formerly been Helen's but was then used jointly by Margaret and Arthur.

During the days of convalescence Arthur did everything to occupy his time; among other things he arranged and sorted the papers in this desk. It was then that he discovered and read the letter which had not been written for his eyes to rest upon.

It is night; the birds are asleep in their nests; the wind has died away. There is nothing to break the exquisite stillness save the monotonous beating of the waves against the rocks and the faint, rippling murmur of the streamlet falling from the heights above. The moon has risen, hanging over a dip in the mountains far away. The stars are out, and the clouds are all gone; the rain of the afternoon has ceased.

The mists are barely visible hovering above the dark ravines; the shadows are long; the dank breath of the herbage sodden with rain comes to the window raised to let in more of Heaven's air to the sick chamber.

Philip Gordon is dying. Blessed relief to him,—the depths of despair for Helen.

Two days later, a funeral cortege passes

through the streets of Kalaupapa to the hillside burying-ground. All that was mortal of Philip Gordon is laid away to rest.

#### CHAPTER X.

"In sorrow and disappointment.  
When our eyes are filled with tears.  
We cannot start a new song  
With the old one still in our ears;  
But when shadows gather around us,  
And with watching the night is filled;  
When treasures fade as the stars die out,  
And the voices we loved are stilled;  
We can keep a little silence  
And whisper a prayer in the calm,  
And perhaps for the song we were singing  
There may rise to our lips a psalm."

All day the clouds seemed mustering. The leaves hung still; a breathless, sultry pause bated the pulses of humanity. At night the long monotony was broken by a gradual darkening and presently rain was gently falling. The clouds were rolling down the mountain sides. They came in fleecy ranks along the dark purple indentations which marked the ravines, suggesting a vanguard with broken flanks. Then rose the wind; the batten shutters shook and the great outer door rattled, and, though tightly fastened, let in great gusts of wind that made the lights tremble and flicker and almost go out. A sudden silence, and then a blast that shook the house to its foundation. Away into the darkness it went, shrieking with a voice so dolorous and wild that Helen put down her book and looked up, agitated, as if she realized in the sound, the utterance of the dreary grief that rent her heart. A sudden stillness, in which, with ears alert, she seemed to hear the wild beating of her own heart, and longed with an intense yearning for some sound to break the awful silence; and again, that wild, relentless, screaming wind! A cricket shrilled and shrilled in a distant corner of the room, and at last, growing weary, became mute. Again raged the storm, accompanied by thunder that rolled and crashed, echoing and re-echoing among the rocky ravines. Tiny rivulets were everywhere hastening to join the wrathful ocean. Flashes of vivid lightning were followed by noise of falling timber in the distant forest. The



rain drove in sheets against the sides of the house, and the thunder of the rising tide filled the silence like the constant discharge of artillery. The clouds were black as Erebus.

Silence once more! For a long time no sound had broken the stillness of the night. Helen arose and, drawing aside the curtains, saw that the moon had risen. A glorious moon in all its beauty stood in "Heaven's wide, pathless way" as though unconscious of its grandeur, yet sad for the sorrow of the seething earth below.

Finally came peace to the weary heart and sleep to the tired eyes, but the time had come when sleep tarried not long. When the mists still lingeringly kissed the distant hilltops, Helen witnessed the morning's glory. The birds slowly awakened; first a faint peep was heard which was as faintly answered; then a sudden twitter and the whole air was full of bird voices. Bees buzzed about the sweet acacia trees and dipped into the red and white clovers. The dainty morning glories, refreshed by their night's slumber and morning shower-bath, lifted their faces to the light.

Helen, too, felt refreshed and her anguish weighed less heavily upon her. Somehow in those weary watches she had felt that Philip was very near to her. Was it an omen? Was her time to be but a little longer? Would the blessed liberation come soon?

For three months Philip had lain dead. Three months ago she had written that letter to Margaret, and had heard in reply that Arthur had not yet gone to Germany but lay ill of a fever. Ill,—perhaps he was dead now! Perhaps,—and the mother's heart beat for one moment in supreme though selfish joy at the thought, perhaps these two would come together to meet her at Heaven's gate which she was each day nearing.

So strong is the force of habit that this woman, so delicately reared, so tenderly shielded, had grown not merely to speak composedly of her disease but to behold its ravages as a matter of course. The

care she had given herself, the physical exercise she had persistently taken, her healthy constitution—all, united to check in her the transformation she observed going on all about her. For nearly seventeen years she had lived at Kalaupapa, and yet she was beautiful. True, her eyebrows, lashes and hair were white, her complexion dark that once had been so fair; but her eyes still retained their brilliancy, the deep hollows in the cheeks were partially hidden by the hectic flush with which they were always surmounted. The change that had taken place internally was more severe.

The lungs and throat were seriously affected; the voice was shrilled, and had a strange, uncanny sound. Appetite was gone; she ate no more of solid foods. She took no more long walks upon the distant hillsides. Strength was slowly leaving the weary body; patiently could she wait for the end, happy in knowing that each hour of living was but an hour of dying—happily in her case a painless dying.

She would no longer repine. Weak though she was she yet had more strength than many of those about her who had been there not half as long. She would not sit in idleness while those about her might be made more comfortable by even her wasting strength. So long as she had the power to minister she would work. She would be brave. In all humility and with a cheerful heart would she accept all that was meted out to her. God was nearer to her in those days than He had ever been before.

#### CHAPTER XI.

"There I have seen a sunset's crimson glory  
Burn as if earth were one great altar blaze;  
Or, like the closing of a piteous story,  
Light up the misty world with dying rays."

At Kalayo, in the presence of the governor and the physician of the small domain of Kalaupapa, stood a young man whose pale countenance showed sickness and perhaps nearness to death. Within his hand he held an open letter. "My aunt would tell me nothing," he said. "Her promise was as given to the dead,"



she would but say. However, this letter tells me all,—‘Sister Margaret.’ My aunt had but one sister, my mother.—‘Philip is dying.’ Philip was my father’s name.—‘My darling son, Arthur.’ That is my name. Oh, there can be no mistake. I stopped at Honolulu and saw Doctor Gray; he had pity on my distress and told me that my father was dead, but that my mother still lives—here. Gentlemen, in exchange for a few years of mother-love, for the blessed privilege of being with her until her dying day, I offer you my services as other missionaries have done who had no such excuse as mine. From this day I shall never leave Molokai.”

He was not strong, poor boy! Too soon had he left the faithful care of his adoring aunt. Too soon, to the mind weakened by fever ravages, had come this terrible revelation—that he was not an orphan; but O, how much worse than orphaned! The dreamed-of meeting, the longed-for reunion, was, he felt, near at hand; yet suddenly he seemed bereft of all physical power. His head swam dizzily; he swayed, tottered and would have fallen had they not caught him. Hurriedly they carried him to the small boat that waited at the landing. He was transported away from the island whose every breath was poison. In the hospital at Honolulu he lay for many weeks, frightening his nurses by his terrible cries, “Unclean! Unclean!” Deliriously he raved. Lovingly he called to his mother and promised to remain with her forever. Then he seemed to be kneeling at the side of the grave that held his father, and curses deep and loud were given one he called a “selfish coward” for allowing his sweet mother to so exile herself; then his voice would change and a glorious light would come into his eyes as he told how pure and exalted a character it was, how grand a nature, that one so pure, so fastidiously reared as his mother had been, would deem the whole world well lost for his sake, in exchange for his father’s companionship.

With returning strength came again the desire to visit Molokai. To his physician

he told a part of his sad story, but it was met with little sympathy. So little consideration is felt for this poor class of unfortunates, so few sympathetic words did he hear in their behalf, that more than ever was he determined to return to Kalaupapa and spend his life in the amelioration of the sufferings of the lepers.

That he had not yet obtained a certificate as a doctor of medicine was of little importance. There was always a physician in charge upon the island, and in his own quiet way, and with the aid of the fortune that had come to him years ago, at the time of the supposed death of both his father and his mother, he would be enabled to relieve the pain and misery, in part, that was then endured in the hospital and in many of the cottages. Now fully understanding the true value of health, he visited on the other islands until he felt he was completely restored; then, in the full possession of all his youthful vigor, he again set sail for Molokai.

This time, as before, he went directly to the governor, who, reading that the young man’s determination was not to be altered, went with him to his mother’s cottage.

At the end of the walk the governor withdrew. In a moment the young man had entered the low building and stood before his mother, with feelings that even he could not express. For so many years she had been but a dream to him, a vision of white with an angelic face and a low, sweet voice, a memory of childhood songs and fairy tales mingled with melodious laughter. Before him sat a woman whose age it would be hard to tell; her face bespoke much suffering, mingled with perfect resignation.

Mothers, explain to me the mystery that revealed to Helen the identity of the stranger! Why should she rise with one glad cry and stand before the young man with a wealth of mother-love in her face, though he had not yet spoken?

She had not been told of his previous attempt to see her; the governor had

relied upon his powers of persuasion to force the young man to forego this attempted suicide. She had not heard from Margaret. The mother's intuition gave to her the knowledge that before her stood her child, her Arthur.

While yet with arms extended to embrace him, she bethought of the terrible consequences, and, in a voice filled with deepest emotion, she cried, "Go back; I beseech you to go back; know you not what folly you are committing? It is not yet too late. Ah, you know not what you do. Listen to me; life is too great a gift to throw it thus recklessly away."

Tears checked further utterance. Of what was she thinking? Did she at that late day repent of her early sacrifice?

Arthur stepped boldly forward and caught the slender, almost fainting figure in his arms. He pressed her to his heart. "Dear mother," he said, "I have thought it all over a thousand times. Your sacrifice has so impressed me with its beauty that I, too, have had something of your strength given me. While you live you shall be my only thought; your joys, your sorrows, your hopes and fears shall be mine at last. When you are gone, until my time shall come, I will labor on for the many others who will need me. In the hospitals and cottages will my heart and hands be employed carrying on the work that you and my father have begun."

The mother listened with mingled pride and love, joy and sorrow,—too late to reason with him, too late to convince him that his idea was, possibly, quixotic. Perhaps it was better so; how could she know!

For four years the constant companionship of mother and son was beautiful to behold. Back to the drooping spirits came new life, to the wasted form fresh strength. Then gave she to the world that pathetic story whose giving had been dreamed of long before, and she thanked heaven that it had had a happy ending.

Husband and son seemed united in the son. Philip younger grown, her baby Arthur older grown—which was it? The love given to the one seemed to have a new lease of life, and the love given to the other so long ago and for so long denied her, came in overwhelming torrents.

In four years it ended. As Arthur knelt beside the graves that held so grand a tragedy, no thought of regret came to him. Sweet had been the sacrifice he had made. Patiently, uncomplainingly, he took up the work that was now left for him, and although none lived to say to the great outside world, "He did so much for me!" still, it was reported in Heaven, and to his account there stands, waiting for his coming, this glorious sentence: "He loved much."

## EYES OF BROWN.

TWO eyes of brown, long years ago,  
Held my young life in fee,  
And as they looked, or gay or sad,  
So went the world, with me.

Though many other eyes since then  
Have led my heart away,  
Those eyes so brown, so bright and true,  
Delight my dreams to-day.

They taught me this: naught else can bring  
A joy more deep and pure  
Than when upon a woman's love  
A woman rests secure.

## MOTHER'S JOE.

### I. SKETCHES FROM LIFE IN LABOR'S WORLD.

BY ADRIAN ROSECRANS.

Author of "When the Mine Whistle Blows," in *THE MIDLAND* for July, 1894.

A HAZY, dreamy, Indian summer afternoon. An old-fashioned cottage, nestled among the trees. A sweet-faced elderly woman dozes quietly in her rocker. The soft summer wind gently rustles the leaves on the vine about the window, and caresses her silvery hair with gentle touch. Outside, the flowers nod sleepily in the summer wind. A robin, perched among the branches of a leafy oak down by the old rustic gate, gives two sleepy chirps and then relapses into a dreamy quiet. All is sunshine and peace.

As the old clock in the cottage chimes the hour of four, a rosy-cheeked lass, lying on the grass at the foot of the old oak, lazily rises to a sitting posture and, rubbing her sleepy eyes, gazes dreamily down the lane leading from the cottage to the main road. As she gazes she becomes more attentive. Then suddenly she springs to her feet, takes another hasty glance down the road and scampers toward the house.

"Mother! Mother!" she cries, "wake up! There's someone coming up our lane and he's riding very fast! He has a blue uniform and cap on and he looks like a soldier!"

The startled old lady opens her eyes and, hastily adjusting her spectacles, looks out of the window. Sure enough! There is a horseman dismounting at the gate. He has, however, none of the accoutrements of a soldier and, in fact, is but a boy.

"O, I know what he is now," says the girl, "he's a telegraph messenger, and he has something in his hand that looks like a letter. I wonder if it's a message for us?"

The youth has by this time reached the door. "Is this where Mrs. Rebecca Allison lives?" he asks.

"Yes sir," answers the old lady turning pale and grasping a chair for support. "Have you a message for me?"

"Yes ma'am," replies the youth, "here it is, all charges paid. Then he turns away.

Mrs. Allison takes the telegram and hands it to the girl. "What does it say, May? Open it, I can't." And she sinks into a chair. The girl hastily tears open the envelope and this is the message enclosed:

RED CLIFF, 12.

Your son was hurt last night in a collision near Jackson Siding. Come at once.

J. BURLEY, *Sup't.*

"Wait May—wait dear—let me rest a moment—let me think a moment!" exclaims the distracted mother. "My son hurt? my boy—my big, brave, handsome Joe? It can't be! Why, his letter yesterday said he'd soon be home. But that was written last week, and he was hurt last night. It must be true. I am going to him."

She totters feebly to her feet, but her trembling limbs scarcely support her. "Help me, May," she says, while the tears course down her cheeks, "help me to go to Joe!"

"Here's the order, old man,— 'Meet Anderson, fast fruit, at Jackson's Siding.' The dispatcher says to hurry, as we'll hold 'em ten or fifteen minutes, the best we can do." And the conductor climbed on the engine and handed the order to the engineer. "Go back to the way-car, Jim," he said to the head brakeman, "you're worn out; go back and take a

sleep. I'll ride here the rest of the way in." As he spoke he swung his lantern high in air in answer to the rear brakeman's signal to "go ahead."

Away they went down through the yard, around the curve, and out along the river bottom, whirling away into the night.

"Say, Barney," said the conductor as he climbed on the seat box beside the fireman, and watched the sparks fly from the smoke-stack and fade away into the darkness, "toss the diamonds into her lively to-night; its my last trip with you and you ought to give me a ride."

"Your last trip, Joe?"—said the fireman—"Why, how is that?"

"Well, I'm going to quit railroading for good," returned Joe, "and yet I rather like it. But I've got an old mother back East, who wants me to come home, so I'm going to quit and go. Its five years now since I saw 'er, God bless 'er! Five years of wild life over the world—but the other boys, my brothers I mean, are all married now, and mother's growin' old; so I'm goin' home to take care of her." He paused, took a puff at his cigar and looked out into the night.

"Joe," said the engineer, "who was that duck you give the dollar to and told to climb into a box-car back there at Long Pine?"

"O, that's a poor devil that was up in Spokane and 'went broke' in a card game. They robbed him, but he took the law in his own hands—cleaned out the place—and then he had to take to the woods. He hadn't had a bite to eat for two days. I'm a fool I s'pose, but I can't see a poor devil go hungry."

For a time only the throbbing of the engine and the rattle of the train broke the silence of the night. On they flew, now panting up a stiff grade, now darting down an incline, around curves and over bridges,—on and ever on. Here a light in a farm-house flashes by; now they thunder down a steep grade and into a long belt of woods.

"Well Joe," said the fireman, "here we are in Dead Man's Hollow; forty-

three minutes comin' over; guess you've had a ride so far, eh?"

Joe roused himself from a reverie and shuddered. "I always feel a chill come over me in this place," he said. "I don't know why, but s'pose it is on account of poor Jack bein' killed here. Just about here was where it happened, too." As he spoke he turned again and looked ahead out of the cab window, then suddenly sprang to his feet with a cry. The glare of a headlight coming around a curve not two hundred yards away shone full in his eyes!

"Jump Bill—Barney—jump for your lives!" he cried. "Anderson has run by the siding and is into us! Jump, for God's sake! I'll warn the boys!" and he pulled the whistle valve and sounded a piercing blast.

Out at either side went the fireman and engineer and Joe turned to follow,—but too late.—A crash! a mighty roar of bursting boilers and escaping steam, and the heavy freight trains, like grim monsters of death grappling each other, had come together!

The uninjured found no one missing except Joe. For a long half-hour they searched through the wreckage and darkness, aided by the light of the burning cars, retarded by the smoke and heat. They toiled on, hoping to find that he had escaped, yet trembling lest he should be found buried beneath the burning timbers.

A strange man was seen in the midst of the wreck, surrounded by smoke and flame, one arm dangling broken and useless at his side, blood dripping down over his face from a wound in the head—sobbing like a child, as with his uninjured arm he tore and pulled at the heavy beams and irons underneath which someone was buried. The man, bruised and battered, but working heroically, was Joe's tramp, and the man buried beneath the wreck was the missing conductor.

They moved the heavy timbers and, tenderly lifting poor Joe, they bore him out of reach of flame and smoke. On a rough bed made of their coats they laid

him while they waited for the relief train with doctors. Pale and motionless as the dead he lay, and only by the feeble fluttering of his heart could they discern that life remained.

After two seemingly interminable hours the whistle of the relief train gladdened the ears of the waiting men, and in another half-hour Joe was stretched on a cot in the city hospital, where the company's old gray-haired doctor examined him, while the men anxiously awaited his verdict. After a careful examination the old man sadly shook his head. "Poor Joe!" he said, "he has quit railroading forever."

Just then Joe turned slightly, opened his eyes and muttered, "Going out on 19—full train of fruit!" No one moved, and he was quiet for a moment. Then he spoke again, "Look out for the switch, Jim; we meet No. 2 here." Then he was quiet again.

"He thinks he's out on the road," said a brakeman, tears blinding his eyes. "Poor Joe! Poor Joe!"

All day long and all that night he tossed and raved in delirium; but in the afternoon of the second day he suddenly grew calm.

An express wagon with a jingling bell passed down the street, and Joe, half turning his head as if to listen, smiled

and whispered, "There they are, mother, I hear the bell now." Then the breeze wafted a scent of flowers to him through the open window. "Let me get this flower for you, mother, then I'll bring the flock back. Hear the bell? They are gettin' farther away now, but—why, where are you, mother?"

Just then the door opened softly and a voice, choked with tears, said: "Here I am, Joe; I've come to you—come to take you home!" And the hot, delirious head was pillowed on the mother's breast.

Silently the watchers slipped out of the room and left the gray-haired mother and her boy together. Half an hour afterward a sweet-faced Sister of Mercy paused at the door and, hearing no sound, noiselessly opened it. The old mother still knelt beside the cot. Her silvery hair, stirred gently by the wind, mingled with the brown, tangled locks on the pillow. So still were they, both seemed to be sleeping. The wondering Sister drew nearer—then knelt in prayer.

Stealing softly through the window a ray of sunshine rested for an instant on the two heads, crowning them with a halo of gold. Then the sunlight faded behind the hills; the vesper bells rang out sweetly on the evening air. Mother and Joe had both gone home.

## INK-PA-DU-TAH'S REVENGE.

BY HARVEY INGHAM.

AN IMPRESSION prevails that the Spirit Lake Massacre of 1857, so graphically described by Governor Carpenter in *THE MIDLAND* for July, was a wholly unprovoked assault on the part of the Indians. Irving B. Richman, in his "Tragedy of Minnewaukon," briefly hints at the facts, but the only connected story of the troubles which preceded the attack at the lakes appears in Judge Fulton's "Red Men of Iowa," and this work unfortunately is no longer procurable on account of the limited edition originally

published. Major Williams, who commanded the relief expedition from Fort Dodge and Webster City, in 1864 contributed to the *Iowa Northwest* a very complete and authoritative statement, upon which Judge Fulton undoubtedly relied. The story as gathered from these sources and from the recollections of pioneers still living may not prove an uninteresting appendix to the chapters already given in *THE MIDLAND*.

The retirement of the Sac and Fox Indians from Iowa in 1845 was followed by



CHE-TEN-MAGA, AGED 71 YEARS.

Rescuer of Abigail Gardner Sharp, Present at the Dedication of the Spirit Lake Massacre Monument, July 26, 1895.

an influx of rough border characters, lawless, half civilized, often criminal. Among them was Henry Lott. He is first found at Red Rock, in Marion county, the year the Indians moved. The following year, 1846, he was at Pea's Point, in Boone county. His chief business seems to have been selling bad whisky to the Indians, horse stealing being a diversion. He did not remain long at Pea's Point and in 1846 was found at the mouth of the Boone River, in Webster county, being forced north into Sioux country by the soldiers who followed the retiring Sacs and Foxes. Two years later, in 1848, the Sioux traced stolen horses to his cabin and notified him to

leave. This he refused to do, and after shooting his horses and cattle and robbing his bee-hives the Indians drove him and his stepson away, threatening his family. Si-dom-i-na-do-tah, Lott always insisted, was the leader of the band.

The only event in Lott's career to occasion feeling of sympathy for him or his occurred at this time. His little son, twelve years of age, attempted to follow his father and half-brother after they had gone, and, losing his way, was frozen to death near where Boonesboro now stands. Lott went to his old haunt at Pea's Point and here met Chemeuse, or Johnnie Green, leader of the Sac and Fox stragglers who have since had a home in



Tama county, and persuaded him to lead his band in pursuit of the Sioux. They came to the invaded home in Webster county and, finding the remainder of the family safe and the hidden barrel of whisky untouched, no further progress was made. The Indians, taking the whisky, returned to the south. Lott applied to the government for \$3,000 indemnity, but all decent citizens denounced him. He returned to Webster county, where his wife died, the first white woman to die in that county. Here the troops stationed at Fort Dodge watched him until their removal in 1853.

Lott was cherishing all this time a plan for revenge against the Sioux. In 1853 he moved to Humboldt county to be nearer "the old head devil," as he called Si-dom-i-na-do-tah, and located at the mouth of the creek since called by his name. Major Williams, who suspected him, cautioned him against taking whisky with him, but he claimed that it would assist him in getting into favor with the Indians.

On the creek below Lott's Creek, now called Bloody Run in memory of the events which followed, Si-dom-i-na-do-tah was living with his aged mother, his wife and two children, a boy and girl, and a younger squaw who also had two children. He was in winter quarters. Lott, by pretending friendship, had gained the confidence of Si-dom-i-na-do-tah, and in January, 1854, after having loaded his valuables, he went south to the Indian tepees and persuaded the aged chief to join him in hunting buffalo on the high ground beyond. Once out of hearing he shot the Indian. Returning to the camp with his stepson, both disguised as Indians in order to convey the impression that the crime had been committed by Winnebagoes, or Musquakies, they murdered the helpless women and children, two only escaping, a girl and boy, children of Si-dom-i-na-do-tah. The boy was left for dead with a scalp wound, and the girl lay unnoticed in the tall grass. Lott burned his cabin and journeyed south. The news of the murder soon

reached Fort Dodge, and Major Williams organized a troop for pursuit. But Lott escaped into Missouri and thence to the plains, and there, later, he was killed while trying to mislead and murder a party of emigrants.

The connection of these events with the Spirit Lake Massacre is intimate. Ink-pa-du-tah, who so fiendishly murdered the helpless settlers about the lakes, was a brother of Si-dom-i-na-do-tah, and it was his aged mother who was chased in the snow and killed by Lott at Bloody Run. He was then in command of an outlaw Sioux band not recognized by the Sioux leaders. He is described by Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp, in her valuable book narrating the Spirit Lake Massacre, as six feet in height, of powerful frame, marked with small-pox, desperately bold and revengeful. He was so deeply affected by the death of his mother and brother that the settlers spared no pains to secure and punish Lott. Failing in this, they attempted to pacify Ink-pa-du-tah by the forms of an inquest held at Homer, then county seat of Hamilton county; but the Indian could see no point to legal proceedings which did not lead to the capture and punishment of the murderer. His enmity was still more inflamed by a report that some mischievous settler had taken Si-dom-i-na-do-tah's head and nailed it up to public view on the Homer court-house. He retired in a bitter frame of mind towards the whites.

The trouble anticipated began in June and July of that year at Clear Lake, when the Sioux made their last invasion into the Winnebago reservation. Here they annoyed Hewitt and Dickinson, pioneers dating back to 1851, until the latter, enraged at the breaking of his grindstone by a young brave, seized a fragment and sent the Indian sprawling. This incident has been given as the cause of the disturbance which ensued, called in local history "the Grindstone War." It was only by the payment of money and household goods that the Indians were bought off until sufficient aid arrived

from Mason City, when a determined stand was taken, the money and goods were demanded and returned, and the Indians were driven back without bloodshed. After they had gone, terror seized the settlers and a general retreat occurred to the Shell Rock River, near where Nora Springs is located, and a fortified camp was established.

The Sioux were reported to be in pursuit with a band of five thousand. They did make a camp with rifle pits in Hancock county, but evidently never pursued the settlers, who soon returned to their homes.

It was during this trouble that Asa C. and Ambrose A. Call passed through Fort Dodge to make the first settlement on either branch of the Des Moines above the forks. They located at Algona while the Sioux were still east, their cabin fortunately escaping notice on the westward retreat. This was the beginning of the tide of immigration which in 1855 and 1856 poured into both valleys and overawed the savages. Major Williams expresses the opinion that but for this rapid influx of settlers an attack would have been made on Fort Dodge in 1855. As it was, Ink-pa-du-tah and his followers contented themselves with stripping trappers and surveyors, stealing horses and foraging upon the scattered settlers, always maintaining a hostile and threatening attitude. Many pages of *THE MIDLAND* would be required for a brief enumeration of the petty annoyances, pilferings, and more serious assaults which occurred. At Dakota City, in Humboldt county, the cabin of E. McNight was rifled in the spring of 1855. Farther north, within a few miles of Algona, the cabin of Malachi Clark was entered and the settlers gathered in great alarm to drive out the Indians—a band of eighty braves led by Ink-pa-du-tah in person. Still farther north, near where Bancroft stands, W. H. Ingham was captured by Um-pa-sho-tah, a leader under Ink-pa-du-tah in the massacre, and was held a prisoner for three days. The summer of 1856 was comparatively free from trouble and the Des

Moines valleys filled rapidly with settlers, the hardy but ill-fated band which met disaster the following spring pushing west of the valley line and breaking the solitude about the lakes.

The winter of 1856-7 was bitterly cold. The Indians suffered extreme privation in their Dakota winter quarters and returned in the spring prepared for any crime. Their course from the Missouri river east was marked by hostile attacks upon the settlers. They wreaked their full revenge at Okobojo and Spirit Lake.

It is entirely possible that this massacre would have occurred without further provocation than that naturally arising from intrusion into the favorite hunting-grounds of the savages. Ink-pa-du-tah and his followers were fully equal to an unprovoked assault. But it is not at all certain that without the previous massacre at Bloody Run any serious attack would have been made. The openly hostile attitude of the Sioux dates from that occurrence, and no settler on the unprotected frontier felt any safety after that time with Indians in his neighborhood. There is reason to believe that in this, as in nearly every case of serious misunderstanding with the Indians, the trouble dated back to bad whisky and bad faith both liberally dispensed by the border ruffians who, to escape the clutches of the law, kept well in the vanguard of civilization in its westward march.

The pioneers who came to northern Iowa in good faith were able to maintain friendly relations with even the Sioux. It was such men as Lott who made the term "Wasecha"—bad white—common in Indian speech. In any event the massacre at the lakes should always be associated with the massacre at Bloody Run, and when the story of the former is told it should be accompanied by the scarcely less terrible story of the latter. If there is no excuse for the atrocities perpetrated by Ink-pa-du-tah, there is equally none for those of which Lott was guilty. "Never," says Major Williams, "was a more brutal murder committed than that of these poor helpless squaws and their children."

## SIGHT-SEEING IN COLOGNE.

AMONG WORKS OF ART—THE GREAT CATHEDRAL—THE CITY—THE VIEW FROM  
THE CATHEDRAL TOWER—A PLACE OF SKULLS.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. XVII.

IT WAS an unpromising morning. At 6:10 we started from Aix la Chapelle by rail, and at 7:30 we were breakfasting with friends in Cologne. Our breakfast was served in a cozy little room back of the neatest and prettiest of business houses. The room looks out upon a court such as one might expect to see in an Italian palace, but would scarcely look for in the rear of even such attractive shops as are to be found along Hochstrasse.

After a brief rest we set out for the Wallraff-Richartz museum, a capacious and imposing stone structure in the English-Gothic style. It was completed thirty-two years ago. The museum takes

its joint name from the liberality of two public-spirited citizens of Cologne. Herr Richartz, a wealthy merchant, gave over \$150,000 toward its erection. Professor Wallraff gave the collection of paintings and antiquities which suggested the erection of a suitable building in which to house them.

Passing up the long stone stairway, surrendering our tickets and umbrellas at the left-hand window, hastily glancing at a formidable array of casts of famous sculpture such as confront the visitor at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, hurrying past innumerable interesting antiquities lest they put a spell upon



THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

us and compel us to spend the day with them, we reluctantly quit the cloisters all and ascend a second stone stairway, and are soon in the midst of the principal paintings upon the upper floor.

The staircase claims passing attention, being adorned with frescoes by Steinle, illustrating the history of ancient and modern art and progress. The most interesting of these frescoes is the representation of Charlemagne enthroned, his retinue about him including our friend Eginhard, private secretary and son-in-law of the king, also Alcuin, the greatest scholar of his time, whom Charlemagne enticed from England, and other ancient worthies, not to speak of unworthies.

Turning to the left, we see a group of pictures illustrating the early school of German art. To our untutored vision it is a sorry collection of un-Christlike Christs, and unmotherly Madonnas. The most interesting feature of these relics of early German art is the mute testimony they give to the supremacy of religious thought in mediæval life.

But the rooms on the right amply repay us for the visit. Among the paintings which stand out in memory are, first of all, the large, full-length portrait of Queen Louisa of Prussia, by Gustav Richter, painted in 1879, and since reproduced in numberless engravings. It is a face of rare beauty, and the commanding figure, clothed in white, is grace embodied. The queen is descending a stairway. The light shines upon her yellow hair and makes it golden. The picture is instinct with life. The folds of the dress and the swaying of a filmy scarf about the neck and the poise of the white-slipped foot between the stairs, all suggest the poetry of motion.

Grand old Bismarck, by Lenbach; the famous "Camphausen"; "King William at Sedan"; Defreggar's "Wrestling Match," a strong facial study; Piloty's "Galileo in Prison," as fascinating as it is severe; Bottcher's "Summer-night on the Rhine," in which candle-light and moonlight are presented with rare skill, a painting well embodying the grandeur of

the Rhine scenery and the holiday spirit of the German people; the popular genre sketch by Gautier, "The Funeral Feast"; Kray's "Undine"; Gunther's amusing sketch, "Theologians Disputing," and a host of other paintings rivet the attention.

We betake ourselves to the great cathedral. Our German friends here join us, and, thus reinforced, we are prepared for what may come. I speak feelingly of "what may come," for only those who have traveled in a strange land, where months of language study avail little in the presence of some slight unanticipated complication, can quite appreciate the sense of relief from care which comes over one who, after "going it alone," finds himself once more with those who are to the manner and the language born.

Do not imagine we have been in the city four full hours without coming under the influence of the great cathedral which more than anything else gives Cologne its fame abroad. Before we arrived we were on the lookout for it. It passed before our vision like a panoramic view and then disappeared. On leaving the station we gave quick glances at the scenes about us, and then turned again to the cathedral. With umbrellas turned aside and the rain beating in our faces, we stopped in front of the tower, to gaze up that great height and wonder at its marvel of beauty and symmetry.

Many lives have been spent in the building of this remarkable edifice. Millions of marks have been expended upon it and millions more will go toward renewing and perfecting it. The grandest thought of Thirteenth Century Germany was embodied in its noble plan. The deeply religious feeling of many succeeding centuries was concentrated there as its solemn arches and floriate spires took shape and form. Instead of the long guide-book description, let me give the reader a few of the facts and the principal impressions that stay by me. The principal fact is that the Cathedral of Cologne is the grandest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. It was

conceived by Archbishop Engelbert and was founded by his successor, Conrad. Its corner stone was laid with great solemnity August 14, 1248. It was planned by Meister Gerard. Its spire was not completed until our time—in 1880. It wore out several architects and builders, and cost no end of money. It has in its time looked down upon millions of saints and sinners. It has witnessed solemn consecrations of souls and treasure. It has witnessed quite dissimilar scenes, for instance: in 1796 the sacrilegious French turned the cathedral into a hay magazine, and the chapels around the central place of worship were used as stalls for horses. Even the lead of the roof was ripped off to make a fresh supply of bullets for French muskets.

The cathedral is cruciform in shape. Its length is 148 yards; breadth, 67 yards; height of roof, 201 feet; height of towers, 512 feet—the loftiest church towers in Europe. This enormous mass of masonry is enlivened by a profusion of flying buttresses, turrets, gargoyles, galleries, cornices, foliage, etc., the whole presenting an exterior the grandeur and beauty of which is said to be unsurpassed by any architecture in the world—that of Milan's Cathedral excepted.

Standing there in the rain, looking up that grand height and thence down to the broad and apparently everlasting foundations, impressed with the rich gray blackness of that immense mass of stone now polished by the rain, our attention was directed to a family group seated upon a projecting row of massive stone at the base of the building, eating their early dinner and chattering as merrily as were the birds upon the solemn gargoyles far above their heads. They were hucksters from the country, who had sought shelter from the shower. With the confidence which the humblest devotee feels in the all-protecting power of the Church, they had sought shelter here, quite as free from man's interference as were their voluble neighbors overhead.

When we came into this solemn presence the second time, later in the day,

the cathedral towers were resplendent with the glory of the midday sun, and every shadow intensified the brightness of its glory.

A massive door opens and the interior presents itself to our wondering gaze. In figures, here is an area of 7,399 square yards. Its arches are supported by fifty-six massive pillars.

The stained glass windows tell their several stories of the mysterious union of the Human and the Divine. Their colors seem to have deepened and become more clear with age, like the old wines of Burgundy and the Rhine.

The carved stalls are marvels of the curious workmanship of the Fifteenth Century.

The choir chapels are of themselves a special study. Many of them have carvings and altar-pieces which separately might well command the day's attention.

The chapel of St. John contains the tomb of Archbishop Conrad, the founder of the cathedral. In this chapel under glass is seen the original sketch of the west façade of the building, with the two great towers. Part of this sketch was found in Darmstadt in 1814, and the rest of it in Paris in 1816. It shows the great skill of the draftsmen of other days. We purchase an entrance to the treasury and a handsome young sacristan in black tells us, in English and in German, his well-learned story as he points out the rare jewels and vestments here collected. The golden Reliquary of the Magi, a fine and costly specimen of Romanesque workmanship, is thought to be over eighth hundred years old. Ivory carvings and mosaics, immense rubies and emeralds in old and gray settings, gold and red vestments each with a history,—such are the treasures here carefully guarded.

As we resume our walk from chapel to chapel, and our ancient guide talks on and on of saints and sinners long gone by, clouds gather and darken the interior, and as the guide emerges from one chapel and another and dodges from behind one and another tomb a professional smile plays, or rather works, upon his pale,



sallow face; his black, bead-like eyes twinkle; his humped shoulders seem to bend more and more. His general mummified appearance and mechanical voice belong to the place. I fancy him sleeping among the tombs, himself a part of the past concerning which he glibly talks. With our friends about us we really didn't need a guide, but we did well to engage this ghost of the Twelfth Century. Our visit to the Cologne Cathedral would not have been complete without him — or it!

After dinner we take a carriage and drive about the city. First, we are given a ride through old "Köln" with its narrow streets, and then we make the circuit of the city via the famous boulevard, "Ring-strasse." Its connecting streets stand upon the old ramparts, for Cologne was once a walled town and one of the strongest fortresses of the middle ages. New Cologne blossoms out in fountains and statues and spacious homes and business houses; and yet it is proudest of its old stone towers and gates. This close union of the old and the new gives to the city a picturesqueness charming to American eyes.

Our drive ends at Holzmarkt where we take our first good look at the Rhine. The scenery immediately about Cologne is not especially impressive. The beauty of the Rhine of which so much is written and sung is farther up the river.

The *Schiffbrücke*, or Bridge of Boats, is the most interesting object to an American, much more than the costly *Feste Brücke* with its immense piers and abutments, a short distance farther on. It vividly brings to mind mediæval times when the *Schiffbrücke* was the only bridge, and when men fought single-handed and in groups to defend these passes over the otherwise impassable stream. At any time during the day hundreds of people may be seen crossing upon these boats. When a steamer would pass up or down the river, a boat or two is slipped out of its place, thus making a channel through which it may pass.

We take another day for a visit to the church of St. Ursula and for the climb to the top of the Cathedral Tower.

It is a strange curiosity that leads the visitor to the quaint old Thirteenth Century St. Ursula, with its skulls and crossbones, grim reminders of the inevitableness of death. The structure was dedicated to the memory of the English princess Ursula who, with her eleven thousand maiden attendants, was murdered by the Huns at Cologne on her way back from a pilgrimage to Rome. The legend dates back to the Ninth Century, and four centuries later found permanent embodiment in the *schatzkammer*, or treasure vault, of this church. The bones of St. Ursula are here enshrined in a beautiful casket. The bones of the eleven thousand maidens who followed her to death are arranged in all sorts of rosettes, crosses, initial letters, and other devices, and are fastened to the walls. Skulls of these martyrs grin at the visitor from shelves, niches, and windowed holes in the wall. The spaces between the inner and outer walls are packed with human bones. The reader should see the bland smile and hear the sweet inflections of the sacristan as he remarks, "This is the skull of another saint"; or, "That is a lock of Saint Ursula's hair," etc.

Passing reluctantly through the solemn aisles of the great Cathedral of Cologne, we present ourselves to the keeper of the towers, and are soon making the ascent. We pass through dark winding stairways and passage-ways, on and up, on and up, stopping to rest at one and another balcony from which we obtain gratifying views of the somber interior, lighted by the afternoon sun, its rays filtered through the beautiful stained glass windows. We stand under the enormous bell which is rung at Christmas time and on other great days, the ringing of it requiring the combined pull of twenty-eight men, as we are solemnly informed. The relatively smaller



bells do service on ordinary occasions. But they are far from ordinary bells. The big bell, the Kaiserglocke, was cast only twenty-one years ago, and was made of metal obtained from French guns captured in battle. It weighs 50,000 pounds. The next in size is 448 years old and weighs 22,000 pounds. Its tones which we are permitted to hear are of marvelous richness and strength. As they resound through the upper corridors and hallways the effect is deafening.

We pass up the three lower stories of the south tower, and then proceed on up the octagonal section, upon which rests the magnificent open spire which, with its companion spire, from the ground looks very light and lace-like, but which, viewed from its base, seems to have been built to last forever. We have ascended 565 steps, our guide informs us, and we are not inclined to question the correctness of the count. The hard climb has its compensation. The view from the south tower of Cologne's cathedral is not as grand as other views which I have attempted to describe. But no view from such a great height is uninteresting. To look down upon the cathedral itself is a rare privilege. The foliage cut in stone, the gargoyles, the turrets, cornices, flying buttresses, which seemed so small from the street, now stand out startlingly

prominent, their great size quite overwhelming us. The city below is interesting with its ancient town hall and churches, its narrow old streets, its broad avenues extending along the line of the ancient city walls, its picturesque bridge of boats, thronged with pedestrians who look like mere insects moving in two intermingling currents, the costly railroad bridge beautifully arched and ornamented with equestrian statues — all these sights fascinate the beholder. And then, when the eye is wearied with looking at the hive of humanity below, it ranges off over the low level valley of the lower Rhine, through which the river takes a winding, reluctant way to the sea. We turn our gaze up the river to obtain, if we may, some suggestion of the famous scenery of the Rhine, which we anticipate seeing on the morrow. We are not disappointed, for there to the southeast, beyond the university town of Bonn, beyond Godesberg with its ruined tower, loom the famous *Siebengebirge*, or Seven Mountains, guarding the passage up the river, and far up on the heights is a faint outline of the ruins of *Drachenfels* — first of the ruined castles which look down upon the Rhine. The river view is a restful one and one which we find full of promise, the fulfilment of which promise will be my next theme.

## IS CYCLING A FAD?

BY G. F. RINEHART.

THE popular appetite for the bicycle is no less remarkable than the popular bicycle appetite. There is a sort of David and Jonathan affinity between the two. The old question of priority, waged in the interests of the oak and the hen, as against the acorn and the egg, seems to arise here. This question of antecedence might be carried yet further to determine whether the "new woman" preceded the popularity of the wheel, or whether the wheel craze is responsible for the

"new woman." Public sentiment seems to be about equally divided. The wheel, like Barkis, is "willin'" to assume the responsibility for its offspring. It is evolving a new woman, — sensible, vigorous and lovable as of old. She is no less modest and no less womanly than the daughters, sisters, mothers and sweethearts of bygone years. Only a few people are alarmed at what they presume to call the "innovation." They are fearful lest "bloomer picnics" become as popu-



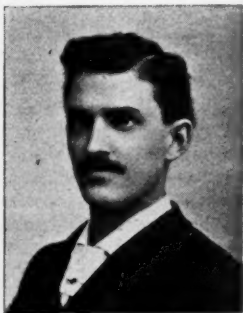
C. E. HUGHSON,  
Manager Bicycle Department Knapp & Spalding Co.,  
Sioux City, Iowa.

lar as "Trilby teas," and the garb of the bathing beach be utilized inland. This fear is ill-founded. Woman will still be woman, though a little bicycle sense and common sense do make a wondrous change. She will be nearer nature, perhaps, less waspish in figure, and her vital organs will not be forced to pose as the ejected tenants of their wonted habitations. People who wonder at the new costumes will sometime die, and their grandchildren will look through the back numbers of the fashion monthlies and wonder why their foremothers wore those funny long street dresses which they had to hoist so high when it rained.

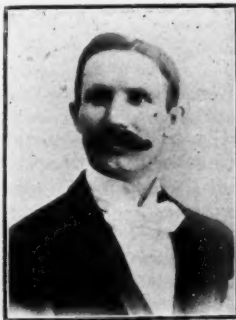
After all, a sound constitution is not a crime, and it is better to amend a bad one than to let it remain a prey to the ninety-nine diseases so encouragingly

portrayed in the almanac. This is the mission of the wheel,—man's "best friend." A vigorous woman, with enough vigor to rear children and maintain her independence, is not an element of danger to anyone but a narrow-souled husband. Medical authority has been cited by well meaning but mistaken people to discourage cycling. They say the anatomy and the hygiene of the coming race will be deplorable if we perversely persist in much riding. "The bicycle face" is the latest nightmare following some doctor's impaired digestion. This scared physician evidently needs the professional attention of some broad-minded brother. The heroic treatment of ozone imbibed through the medium of a country bicycle ride would do him good. When his hallucination is thoroughly removed, and he resumes his normal mentality, he will, perhaps, recall the fact that in his budding infancy he was obliged to learn to walk; that ever since that time he has been expending nerve force, unconsciously though it be, to maintain an equilibrium. He will then arrive at the conclusion, by easy stages, that if the "bicycle face" is caused by nervous exhaustion, due to sustaining a balance on the wheel, his own walking, standing and running must have given him an equally frightful face. If his theory were correct, nothing but a hobby horse could stand alone without serious waste of nerve force.

The large percentage of sallow faces



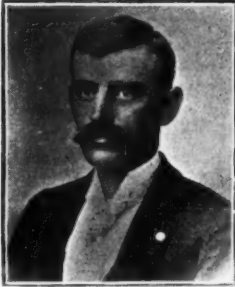
W. W. ORCUTT,  
of Ochsner & Orcutt Co., Sioux City, Iowa.



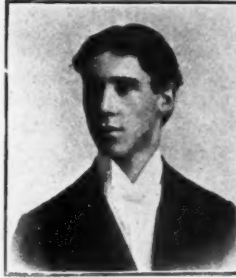
W. W. BOWSER.



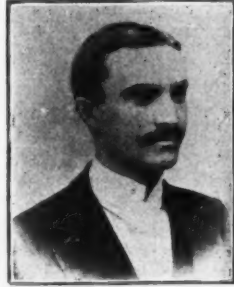
W. M. ORCUTT,  
of Ochsner & Orcutt Co., Sioux City, Iowa.



F. B. THRALL,  
Ottumwa, Iowa, Chairman Racing Board,  
Iowa Div. L. A. W.



RALPH B. MCCURDY,  
Oskaloosa's Famous "First."



W. W. ANDERSON,  
President Jefferson Wheel Club,  
Jefferson, Iowa.

and pinched features that furnished the doctor with his favorite chimera have taken to the wheel for the express purpose of removing these marks and brands of physical indisposition. To expect every cyclist to exhibit a round face and a rosy complexion is as unreasonable as to hope that all of this great physician's patients will avoid an epitaph. The learned dissertations of the whole school of theoretical generalizationists could not convince the wheelman that his inflated lungs, capital digestion and superb muscular development are indications of speedy dissolution. His clear reasoning faculties, due to a vigorous circulation, point to long life and a '96 wheel.

Some people who do not ride have characterized the present popularity of the wheel as a mere "fad," and argue, with what is perhaps slanderously called a woman's reason, that the cycling spirit will wane simply *because it will*. On the other hand, the enthusiast sees in the constantly growing interest anything but a momentary inspiration. He views the sport as even yet in its infancy, and looks forward with prophetic eye to a future of surprising revelations. The wheel has already practically revolutionized modern methods of locomotion. It has furnished inspiring recreation to the thousands whose struggles for existence heretofore precluded the possibility of an outing. It has turned inventive genius into an avenue of great possibilities, and we can confidently expect extraordinary develop-

ments in the years to come. Even now progressive France has taken the initiative and has startled the conservative world with a trial test of horseless carriages for eight hundred miles over ordinary roads at an average speed of fifteen miles per hour. This remarkable accomplishment is but an incident of the new outdoor sport, born of the cycling movement, diverted to the broader field of general locomotion.

The invention of the pneumatic tire was a great step in the direction of the ideal vehicle. By reducing the discomforting jar of travel to a minimum it was possible to make lighter mounts and construct a staunch frame on the artistic lines



GEO. MIERSTEIN.  
A Promising Young Cyclist.

that the up-to-date wheel presents. It was this tire that made cycling popular and the development of man-power a source of wonder. The mile record has come down from the three-minute mark by slow gradations to the time of one minute, thirty-five and two-fifths seconds, made by the champion athlete of the world, John S. Johnson. Now we hear of a reckless rider who proposes to ride at the marvelous speed of a mile a minute, paced by an engine! This feat, incredible as it may seem, is wholly pos-

sible and will, no doubt, be accomplished.

The love of sport is inherent in mankind, and its outward manifestations can be diverted but never wholly restrained. Cycling is the only real sport that forms a working partnership with utility. It is a panacea for lassitude, and one of the most agreeable medicines to take. It is the very poetry of motion and comes as near to flying as some people are, presumably, likely to come, either *ante* or *post mortem*. As to appetite—there is no law yet enacted that prohibits one from



SOME RACING MEN WHO RIDE THE RELAY.

T. B. Ashley.

W. J. Ashley.

C. W. Ashley.

B. R. Morrow.

W. M. Enright.



A GROUP OF CYCLING ENTHUSIASTS.

O. L. Stevens.  
H. T. Moore.

C. E. Ellis.  
A. A. HERRING,  
President Inter Ocean W. C., Sioux City.

F. C. Stevens.  
C. O. Hiles.

eating as much as he wants if he liquidates his bill.

The old idea that one cannot ride a wheel without the sacrifice of necessary dignity is, happily, exploded. The dignity that would suffer under such circumstances is better vaporized. When the proper position is maintained, cycling is the embodiment of grace. It gives symmetry to the frame and elasticity to the muscles, the vigor of health to the body and pure outdoor air to the lungs, and is, withal, the sworn foe of "that tired feeling" we read about in the patent medicine advertisements.

A contest of science, skill and muscle, with all brutality removed, ought to be the ideal sport of cultured people. It does not require recourse to the imagination to predict that the time will come when bicycle racing will be the crowning

sport of the world. It affords all the latitude of other sports with the added element of speed. What can be more thrilling to the lover of outdoor sports than to witness, for example, the "Minneapolis Wonder," John S. Johnson, speeding straight away at a rate surpassing that of the fleetest running horse the world ever produced? What can be more inspiring than to see the phenomenal Arthur A. Zimmerman pedalling like a hero in the contest where only honest blood and brain and brawn excels? No wonder that such events attract more people than the English Derby, and that the assembled thousands applaud the victors and welcome the advent of the manly sport that sounds the death knell of bestial contests!

Will cycle racing supersede horse racing? As certainly as the vestibuled train





KNAPP & SPALDING'S IMPERIAL RACING TEAM, SIOUX CITY, IOWA.  
 W. R. Hibbs. A. L. Lager. A. A. Hughson.

has taken the place of the stage coach. The necessity which first gave an impetus to horse racing, and which has subsequently sustained it, is now and forever removed. In its time it made horse breeding a science, but it no longer pays to rear fast horses for a dead market. The "silent steed of steel" has given the roadster a rest. It has shouldered his burdens, cheapened his production and left him a relic for museums of the future.

Railroad corporations are worrying over the problem of the wheel. Several companies are absurdly inconsistent enough to charge the cyclist for his twenty-pound wheel while carrying the one hundred and fifty pound trunk of his fellow passenger for nothing. Others condescend to check a wheel after the owner has signed a document releasing the railroad companies from all responsibility in case of breakage. This admirable provision leaves the wheelman in mortal agony for fear the baggage smasher is deliberately demolishing his hundred dollar wheel out of pure antipathy and irresponsibility. Some roads will not check a wheel at all, but leave the whole question with the baggageman, who never fails to remark, "Here comes a quarter," when he sees a wheelman pushing his mount toward the train. A few companies, however, are obliging and consistent enough to regard

bicycles as baggage and check them accordingly.

The growing popularity of bicycle racing has led to the great national organization of the League of American Wheelmen, which superintends all races, whether professional or amateur. The line of prejudice between these two divisions is no longer drawn, and it is at last possible for open courtesy between them. After all, it matters little whether one races for money direct, or by some freak of propriety is forced to take various articles as prizes, which he invariably discounts if he can.

It is difficult at this time to calculate the effect of the bicycle on the oats market. The "hungerless horse" no doubt affects it, but even this is not without its compensatory advantages, for cheap oats make cheap oatmeal and the hotel and boarding house managers find oatmeal, as 'the landlady recently remarked, "so fillin' and so cheap!"

The pneumatic-tired bicycle of the period is a peaceable revolutionist, making life worth infinitely more to the housed-up classes, to whom the horse, with its costly keeping, is an impossibility. Among the benefactors of these end-of-the-century days, place the little group of personally unknown inventors who have mounted the world on wheels.



## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE letter of President Grant to Senator Wilson, for the first time published, in this number of THE MIDLAND, must forever silence the charge of the Senator's enemies that the vote cast in favor of allowing the McGarrahan claim cost him a seat in the President's Cabinet. The President twice tendered the Iowa senator a place in his Cabinet—the second time as Secretary of State; but, Mr. Washburne having held the office longer than was anticipated, and having called about him in the Department of State his own personal and political friends, Mr. Wilson felt it would be ungracious to remove these gentlemen and might prove an embarrassment to retain them in his political family. This consideration, coupled with his desire at the time to return to his Fairfield home, led him to decline the premiership in President Grant's cabinet. The letter is gratifying reading to friends of the Senator as to admirers of our Soldier President. It is a strong proof of the President's confidence in his friend and another pleasing instance of his personal loyalty.

\* \* \*

THE godlike ego of Victor Hugo in his old age was a narrow escape from the ridiculous. It was thought to be incomparable. But, now comes the Hungarian poet, novelist, editor and patriot, Maurus Jókai, claiming, with Hugo, the right to a prominent seat in Parnassian councils. Scarcely less interesting than the story of his life, as told by himself in the *August Forum*, is the sublime yet childlike complacency with which Jókai tells it. He begins his life-sketch with an exhibition of the Old World pride of birth. He says: "I spring from a noble family." He tells us he invariably took rank in his class as "*premier eminent*." He terms his wife "the most sublime figure in Hungarian dramatic art." Explaining his phenomenal work—phenomenal in quality as in extent—he says: "More than any other mortal, perhaps, I have been loved and

hated." In recounting the varied nature of his literary subjects and of his attainments, he incidentally remarks: "My library is the most valuable in the possession of a private individual." Of his own works he modestly says: "There is on earth no valley wherever hidden, nor country, nor vegetation, of which these books do not treat....I undertook the profound and complete study of the history of my people as well as that of the universe. ....I know all the vegetable kingdom by name and I have a magnificent collection of conchifera." Here he gives away the whole art of novel-writing as he understands it: "I reveal the secret which the world may imitate"—a secret the world has at least guessed at already—"the careful germination of a leading idea, the careful evolution of the character and scenes from the actual rather than the fanciful." But who has a better right to enjoy himself! Here is a man of three score and ten who has fought his fight and nearly completed his work and yet lives to enjoy his crown while here on earth. On attaining his seventieth year, and the fiftieth year of his literary career, two hundred villages elected him to honorary citizenship and scores of societies gave him honorary degrees. His literary labors are chiefly included in three hundred and fifty bound volumes and his most popular works have been translated into fourteen different languages.

\* \* \*

BEFORE dismissing this remarkable man let us make a guess at the real secret of his power. Not in his erudition, but in his right conception of what constitutes the fiction that men, women and children feel to be true to life. The crisis in his literary career came in 1848 when deep feeling for the first time permeated his writing. He well says: "Abandoning the fantastic creations of a sick brain and its accompanying style of warped obscurity, I forced myself to discover the

characters having an actual existence in life, and to write in a language comprehensible to the people. The proof of my success is shown in the comment of a peasant who cried out after reading one of my stories, 'It is not bad to write like that; I could do as well myself.'"

\* \* \*

TO BRING into striking contrast with this the natural story-telling method, turn to a fair sample of the opposite method—the art of picturing people who may have lived and incidents that might have occurred in some other age or country than that with which the author has an acquaintance from actual heart touch or knowledge. Take, for instance, Conan Doyle's novel, "The White Company." Given a degree of brutality enough to load down a half-dozen of Scott's novels; given a distant approach to historical fact; given a touch of youth and beauty and love and mystery, and a genuine talent for description; add to this a liberal use of old-time oaths, such as "by my hilt"; vary this with "by St. Paul," or, "by St. George," "by our lady," "by my soul"; and when these seem a trifle wearisome introduce "by St. Martin of Tours," "by the three kings," or, "by God's coif." Then, with the aid of an old English dictionary, and a few English and French classics, fill in liberally with even the most commonplace dialogue, with worn-out words and forms of expression, such as "methinks," "sooth," "fair sir," "my liege," "quotha," "anon," "bide," "get thee hence," "scath," "scathless," "beholden," "I pray you," "prithce," etc., etc., and with more smashing of heads and slashing of bodies and carrying off of women than was at first thought necessary for the delectation of the reader,—you have a story of "The White Company" sort, and you may then complacently conclude,—as does Conan Doyle, in his preface,—that you have done a virtuous thing in "dignifying our English past," and incidentally written a book which is, borrowing a phrase from the newsdealers, "a good seller."

SOLOMON was a wise man in his day; but—have you heard of that Missouri magistrate's shrewd sentence? An illiterate man was remanded to jail until such time as he could demonstrate that he had learned to read. Another offender, an educated man, was sentenced to keep the illiterate man company until such time as he could demonstrate that he had taught the man to read. In three weeks' time both men were discharged from custody.

\* \* \*

AN English reader of THE MIDLAND thinks it hardly fair to name a Birmingham journal as illustrative of the lack of English journalistic enterprise in the matter of reporting American news. He tells us we should look to the great journals of London for news from the outside world. And so we looked through the first London newspaper that came to hand, *The Standard*, of July 27,—but only to find in that great blanket-sheet of a newspaper just eleven lines of telegraphic news from North America and not a line from South America. The eleven lines reported some occurrence on the island of Newfoundland.

\* \* \*

THE *Century* terms the year preceding a national campaign "the season of timidity in presidential candidates." But is "timidity" the word? This is, certainly, an excellent time for a show of modesty from presidential possibilities.

\* \* \*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY attempts Irish-English verse in the August *Century*, and does pretty well with it, we are sorry to say. Why is it—tell me ye winged winds—why is it that a man rather be called versatile than great?

\* \* \*

AFTER reading Commander McGiffin's vivid description of the battle of the Yalu, in which engagement the author—an American ex-officer—had charge of the Chinese battle-ship, *Chun Yuen*, the question will rise, what kind of a man must he be who voluntarily quits his country's service to enter the Chinese navy? Mr. Foster refused an enormous sum of money

and unusual honors, rather than longer remain in the diplomatic service of the Chinese Empire as counsellor to the emperor. We can see how Mr. Foster could honorably accept the position urged upon him, one which opened a thousand opportunities "to serve the present age," his "calling to fulfill." But the only possible justification of the trade of war is patriotism. When a man rents himself out, as Commander McGiffin does, to a foreign government—and a heathen nation—as a professional fighter of its battles, how much better is he than the hireling butchers whom decadent Rome used to maintain her power!

\* \* \*

WE ARE threatened with another attempt at spelling reform! Funk & Wagnells threaten to introduce into their publications a series of new spellings, such as "beutiful," "glimps," "skul," and "yern," "provided a reasonable number of other periodicals, and writers, and literary men will adopt the same so as to help break the force of the criticism that they may oppose." We intimately know an editor who once set out to reform the world's bad spelling and, after a six weeks' daily trial of it, came to the conclusion that the world needed several other reforms more than it needed a spelling reform, and that changes in spelling, as in pronunciation, are not the result of a formal movement, but are, rather, the product of a natural growth.

\* \* \*

THE young lady selected for the third Type of Midland Beauty, in the present number, is Miss Minnie Myers, of Belle Plaine, Iowa. The excellent portrait from which it was engraved was taken by Mr. O. E. Pearson, the well-known Des Moines photographer. Miss Myers is a graduate of the Drake University School of Oratory, of which department Professor Ott is the successful head. Her picture represents her as "Lady Teazle," in Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

\* \* \*

TRAGIC as was the recent death of Thomas Hovenden, whose painting,

"Breaking Home Ties," is to thousands a vivid memory of the World's Fair, yet there is a sad satisfaction in the thought that one to whom home and loved ones were evidently so dear should have lost his life in a brave attempt to restore a child to her mother. Death came to him in one of his most exalted moments when self was lost in sympathy. The last thought registered upon his mind was wholly outside of self. What more fitting time for the transfer of the artist's soul from time to eternity! And yet it was pitiful.

\* \* \*

"THE reader is obtuse who is free from the impulse to read the last three cantos of the 'Paradise' on his knees." Thus saith Miss Vida D. Scudder in her "Creed of the English Poets." Miss Scudder must feel that she has happened in on a very obtuse and irreverent age. She should have been on earth centuries ago, contemporaneous with Dante, when men and women did most of their reading on their knees.

\* \* \*

IN THE recent death of Frank E. Pixley, the Pacific Slope lost one of its most luminous writers and eloquent orators. What would we not give could we but hear from this departed Argonaut a report of that far away country, not down in our geographies, which we confusedly term the Beyond!

\* \* \*

MRS. ABIGAIL GARDNER SHARP corrects THE MIDLAND's statement under its picture of the Spirit Lake Massacre Monument, in substance that the spot where her father fell is marked by the pile of stones in the foreground of the picture. Mr. Gardner was shot and killed in his own house, as Mrs. Sharp relates on page 34 of the July MIDLAND.

\* \* \*

WE carelessly omitted last month to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. A. E. Woollett, Ottumwa's artistic photographer, for the fine portrait of Miss Mahon, THE MIDLAND's second "Type of Midland Beauty."

## CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

JUDGE FLANDREAU AND THE RESCUE  
OF ABIGAIL GARDNER, NOW  
MRS. SHARP.

Ex-Governor Carpenter cheerfully consents to the publication of the following letter from Judge Flandreau, relative to an unintentional departure from historical accuracy in his able and valuable paper, "The Spirit Lake Massacre," in the July MIDLAND. All who know Mr. Carpenter's high sense of honor will agree with Judge Flandreau in that injustice to anyone was furthest from his thought and purpose :

ST. PAUL, July 13, '95.  
HON. CYRUS C. CARPENTER, *ex-Governor of Iowa*, Des Moines [Ft. Dodge], Iowa :

*My Dear Sir*,—I have just read with much interest your article in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for July, on the "Spirit Lake Massacre." The facts as stated therein are generally very accurate, and it will be a valuable contribution to the history of your State and the Northwest. I feel confident that you will be pleased to make any corrections that I may convince you should be made, in the cause of history. On pages 30 and 31 of your article, after telling of the delivery to me of Mrs. Marble, you speak of my efforts in connection with Governor Medary, Missionaries Riggs and Williamson and Colonel Alexander to rescue the rest of the captives, and use this language :

"It required weeks of negotiation to secure the proper Indians for the mission, and to supply them with the articles which would be likely to secure the ransom, and one of the results of a delay which could not be avoided was the fact that but a few days before its consummation, a son of Inkpadutah, because he had not been obeyed in some demand upon Mrs. Noble, who was a most spirited and high-minded woman, had beaten her brains out with a club."

The mistake in this statement is that no delay at all occurred in fitting out the expedition to rescue the remaining women. Mrs. Marble was delivered to me on May 21st, and on May 23rd, less than two days after, my expedition started from the Yellow Medicine River, all well equipped for its mission. I send you herewith an article on the subject that I read before the Minnesota Historical Society on the 8th day of December, 1879. On pages 9 to 12 you will find a full history of this incident, with the dates and all the minutiae. On page 11 you will see what I thought of the necessity of expe-

dition, and how I hurried matters up. There I say : "I had no public fund that could be devoted to such purposes, but I had confidence in the generosity of the people, *especially if I succeeded*, and as every moment might be worth a life, I determined to assume the responsibility of anything that was necessary," etc.

You will see by Mrs. Sharp's article in the same magazine with yours that my party arrived in their camp on the 30th day of May, just seven days after they started (see page 39) and from what I infer from her account of the killing of Mrs. Noble, that it must have occurred before Mrs. Marble was delivered to me on the 21st of May. So my delay could not have had anything to do with it.

It was sufficiently distressing to me to know that Mrs. Noble was killed ; but to have it intimated, from so distinguished a source as yourself on Iowa history, that it occurred in consequence of the dilatoriness of myself, is the occasion of this letter. Of course I do not intimate that you had any intention in the matter, but you will readily see that it is of sufficient importance to me to call for explanation.

I hope to be present at the dedication of the monument at Okoboji on the 26th inst., where it will afford me pleasure to meet you and become better acquainted.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES E. FLANDREAU.

### CONCERNING THE PROPOSED ACADEMY OR SOCIETY OF WRITERS.

Does it not seem a little too ambitious for a society of unknown western writers to call itself after the most renowned literary institution in the modern world? Does not the name, Academy of Literature, lack the element of modesty which all young things should have?

I am very much in favor of an organization of writers and think such a society would be both entertaining and profitable ; but let us start as becomes youth ; let us take a humble seat at first, and then be called up higher. Why not have a society of western writers ; call it the Midland Contributors' Club ; limit it to accepted contributors in some magazine of good standing, if such a limit is thought wise ; organize with an initiation fee of (say) two dollars ; have our first meeting at Des Moines (say) this fall? Then let it grow into an academy of learning and literature if it can!

Fort Dodge.

MARY A. KIRKUP.

Have just read Miss Corkhill's article and your suggestions. It seems to me that even the mere touch of minds in such association justifies it if no more is accomplished. I would like a place in it—one near the door.

Boone.

JOHN M. BRAINARD.

The suggestions made by Kate Corkhill in the August MIDLAND should be productive of practical results. An Iowa Academy of Letters might be made very helpful to our young writers, and exceedingly interesting to those who are older in the work. I would gladly become a member of such an organization.

Dunlap.

ERNESTE WILDE.

#### GOSSIP WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

If not too great a demand upon your time would you kindly pass your opinion as to whether or not I have any journalistic ability.

You write well; but journalistic ability means more than mere ability to write well. Not knowing anything about the degree of readiness with which you write, the range of your knowledge, both practical and theoretical, the interest you feel in public affairs and measures, the degree of physical health you enjoy, the amount of tact you possess, the relative quickness and correctness of your judgment as to what is news, and what are the most pressing themes for comment, and how far a particular item of news or subject of comment should be carried, etc., it is impossible to pass intelligently upon the question you raise. Study your own present capabilities and your capacity for growth. Feel your way along until you are able to answer the question yourself.

If you consider it "trash" you will do me a personal favor to say so.

The editor of a periodical goes out of his way when he passes on any question, relative to a manuscript, beyond the one question of availability for his own future use. Gil Blas' experience with the Archbishop is the common experience of the critic who accepts an invitation to let the author know the worst.

Are photographs or drawings obligatory with the Original Descriptive Papers, entered for the \$20 prize?

No, but they are given their due weight in the judgment as to relative availability.

May I send the same stories I send you to any other periodical at the same time?

No; one periodical at a time. If we hold your MS. too long, say six weeks, send us a postal of inquiry. Constantly in receipt of MSS., there is sometimes a longer delay than there should be;

though we aim to report on all MSS. sent us within thirty days of receipt of same.

In arranging work for the year beginning September 1st, 1895, I would be pleased to contribute one piece to your magazine. No MSS. sent for inspection. No contracts made after that date. Price of story, 2,500 to 5,000 words, \$250; price of poem, \$100. Please let me hear from you.

Your terms and conditions were evidently sent to the wrong magazine.

As I can scarcely hope to win a prize on one poem when another [one previously submitted and returned] is not even available for publication at any price, etc.

This writer's inference is unwarrantable. (1) An author's mental and moral height, unlike the physical stature, varies continually. At one time, the mind is a pigmy, incapable of high thinking; at another time it towers giant-like. (2) A poem not available at one time may be available at another time, *e. g.*: Suppose an editor to have accepted all the Easter poems he can possibly use, and along come several more Easter poems. In justice to all parties, he should promptly return the last ones sent him, however acceptable they would otherwise be. (3) A poem not available for publication in one periodical may be acceptable in another, *e. g.*: A poem returned by *The Cosmopolitan* was accepted by *THE MIDLAND*; and another poem, by the same author, returned by *THE MIDLAND* was accepted by *The Cosmopolitan*.

#### GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS.

Max Nordau is writing a novel. It may turn out to be an illustration of his own position as to the decadence of literature.

Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., gains and Iowa's State University loses Edward Everett Hale, Jr., professor of English, and author of various works on subjects relative to English literature.

Enrique Parmer has a spirited paper in the August-October number of *The Hesperian*, of St. Louis, on "Emancipation of Western Literature." While various ones are doing good service writing about it, *THE MIDLAND* is steadily and surely doing good service in effecting it.

Hamlin Garland's "An Evangel in Cyene" in the August *Harper's* is one of that author's most virile short stories.

Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne, author of "The Little Room" in August *Harper's*, is a western writer of promise.

Beatrice Harraden's next will be a story of California life. She is not looking for a publisher now.



## MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Col. Dorus M. Fox, whose able paper on Capital Punishment in the March MIDLAND was the subject of much comment, has just published a book of rare interest to many, one which he has long been at work on, entitled, "History of Political Parties, National Reminiscences and the Tippecanoe Movement."\* The book includes 541 pages and is well printed, profusely and handsomely engraved and substantially bound. The work includes "elaborate accounts of the Federal and Republican parties of the olden time," of "their passing away, the organization and historic acts of the Whig, Republican and Democratic parties, with brief allusion to the other political bodies of ephemeral existence, together with an appendix containing a variety of useful tables," etc. The book is dedicated to the Republican party and to the volunteer soldiers of the country. Its author, president of the Des Moines Tippecanoe Club, was one of the most influential originators of the Tippecanoe Club movement which played an effective part in the memorable Harrison campaign of 1888. He is a fine specimen of the mental and physical vigor typical of the western pioneers who, in 1840, made the woods and the prairies ring with "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

To many, the most interesting chapters of Colonel Fox's work are those which relate to the Tippecanoe campaign of fifty-five years ago, and its far-reaching echo seven years ago, part of which its author was and much of which he saw. The vivid picture of the log cabin and hard cider campaign (beginning on page 133) is one to be read with enthusiasm by old-time participants in that campaign and with keen interest by those whose memory runs not back to that era. There are several other able contributors to chapters of this work, notably Henry Sayers, president of the Old Tippecanoe Club, of Chicago, Joel P. Davis, a member of the Veteran Tippecanoe Club, of Chicago; Rev. Dr. Hanson, formerly of Chicago, now of Pasadena; Congressman Lacy, Hon. Charles Mackenzie, of Des Moines, Hon. James S. Clarkson, author of the sketch of Father Clarkson the personal friend of the elder Harrison and Colonel Gatch, a delegate to the first Republican national convention. The numerous illustrations include most of

the public men prominently named in the book and many active members of the Tippecanoe organization of the West.

The increasing popularity of Robert Herrick is an interesting subject of inquiry. Here was a man who wrote hundreds of poems without regard for their effect and with little regard for their chronological order and arrangement, and with extreme carelessness as to his own fame; a poet concerning whose life very little is known, whose verse attracted little attention in his own time, a single edition sufficing for nearly two hundred years. And yet now, in the latest tribute to his fame, by Professor Hale, five pages are given to simply a list of the several editions of Herrick's poems and of other works relating thereto! After an interval of silence covering 162 years, thirteen exhaustive editions of Herrick have appeared, with hundreds of Herrick brochures, reviews, etc. This poet has somehow commanded the profound study of such men as Hazlett, Grosart, Palgrave, Dobson, Morley, Swinburne, Saintsbury and Hale. The latest study of the subject is "Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick,"\* edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., late professor of English in the State University of Iowa. These selections include all that the general reader need have of the poetry of Herrick. The book is made doubly valuable by the editor's introduction, which covers the life of the poet, a careful analysis of the two parts of Herrick's verse, "The Hesperides" and "The Noble Numbers," and much other matter pertaining to Herrick's poems, altogether a valuable contribution to the subject. Much of that which finds place in even a book of selections from Herrick is surprisingly free from suggestion of genius; but the rest is so fresh with the dew on the grass along country roads and with the pink on the cheeks of rural maidens, so redolent of the fields and lanes of rural England, so suggestive of rural sports, of "pageantry and plays," of "eves and holidays" and of "Maypoles, too, with garlands graced," that one can see why it is that men deep in the literature of all ages and peoples go back to the simple lays of Herrick with increasing zest as the years increase which separate them from their youth.

\*D. M. Fox, author and publisher, Des Moines, Iowa. \$2.00.

\*Ginn & Co., Boston, publishers.



